THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. MAY, 1895. No. 4.

NEWS NOTES.

The article on the poet Whittier in this number will be followed by the publication of some of his letters to Miss Helen Burt, which have not yet seen the light in print. The June BOOKMAN will also contain an article by Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Miss Harraden is still living with friends in California, whither she went a year ago, and she will recount some of her experiences and impressions, which, to judge by her correspondence, have been very happy, out in the West. She has been visiting Mrs. Graham, the author of *Stories of the Foothills*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and says she has some pleasant things to relate about the book and its author.

❀

The *Trilby* fad is visibly on the wane, and its rapid disappearance may now be looked for. Having been successfully dramatised, which means, of course, vulgarised, and having reached the stage of parody, its *fine fleur* is lost to it. As to these parodies, not one has been produced with a single gleam of real wit. The most inanely dreary of them all is probably the *Billtry* of Mary Kyle Dallas.

❀

Yet though soon to be lost to the world of readers, the influence of Du Maurier's book will for some time be felt in the sphere of art. The Trilby type may be looked for in the work of contemporary illustrators for the rest of the year at least. The most conspicuous instance of it just at present is found in Mr. Gibson's frontispiece to *The Princess Aline*, which is a perfect Trilby, in an exaggerated form. By the way, what a pity that Trilby did not live to a good old age, so that we might have seen what a nutcracker face she must inevitably have developed! Even as it is, the Trilby jaw is quite as much in evidence as the Trilby foot.

❀

Fortunately, we are not left wholly in the dark as to the probable appearance of a mature Trilby. Mr. W. M. Butterfield, the artist who is responsible for the black and yellow poster which advertises the new novel *Melting Snows*, gives us a real Trilby, but a Trilby of some forty years of age—a Trilby who has reformed and eschewed cakes and ale, and who poses no more in the altogether; a lackadaisical Trilby, apparently suffering with remorse or the toothache. After seeing it, one is perhaps quite reconciled to the fact of the original Trilby's early death. The poster is hereby commended to collectors of Trilbyana and of *affiches*.

❀

The Princess Aline is to be put down as still another success of Richard Harding Davis. No one can lay any of this popularity to the logrollers or to anybody's *flair*, for Mr. Davis is quite the reverse of popular with most of his literary brethren, who invariably describe him as "too cockey." One of them, however, perhaps gave a clue to the source of this unpopularity the other day when questioned by a friend who asked him, "Now, really, what is it that you don't like about Davis's work?" And the answer came promptly with a cynical frankness, "Its success!"

❀

Arrangements have been made for a German translation of *As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, 54 A.D.*, recently published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

❀

With the publication of *Master and Man*, a new romance by Count Leo Tol-

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stoy, which has just been issued, the Messrs. Appleton mean to revive the summer series which they started some years ago. The handy little volumes will be somewhat taller and narrower than those in the former series. The publishers are yet in doubt as to the nomenclature which they shall give the series, but a happy thought strikes us. The volume to follow *Master and Man* is a new story by Miss L. Dougall, entitled *The Zeit-Geist*. Why not call them the Zeit-Geist Series? Mr. William Dean Howells, who, by the way, has written an introduction to Count Tolstoy's new book, is our authority for stating that the Count spells his name with a final "y" instead of the "ï," as it is commonly written.

❀

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are to sail for India in the autumn. Mr. Kipling has been engaged to write for the *Cosmopolitan*, and we are told on good authority that the object of his projected visit to India is to gather material for this series.

❀

Mr. John Jacob Astor's *Journey in Other Worlds* has been translated into French, and has just been published in Paris by Hachette.

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have in the press a new work by Gilbert Parker, entitled *When Valmond Came to Pontiac; or, The Story of the Lost Napoleon.*

❀

When Stevenson was passing through New York, on his way to Samoa, he met the St. Gaudens family, and became very much interested in Mr. St. Gaudens' little son. The result was a letter which he left with the boy on condition that it should not be opened until after the writer's death. The letter has proved to be a very characteristic bit of writing.

❀

Dr. John C. Van Dyke is to write the text for the *Portfolio of Dutch Painters* to be produced in the autumn by the Century Company. The engravings are to be the work of Cole.

❀

That apostle of the grotesque, Aubrey Beardsley, expresses satisfaction at the advent of the artist into billboard notoriety. "Beauty has now laid siege to the city," he says, "and telegraph-wires are no longer the sole joy of our æsthetic perceptions. Of course the public finds it hard to take seriously a poor printed thing left to the mercy of sunshine, soot, or shower; still the artist finds the bill-sticker no bad substitute for a hanging committee, and a paster affords much scope both as regards colouring and design."

❀

Mr. Beardsley is engaged on a *fin de siècle* version of "Venus and Tannhäuser," which will be a rococo rendering of the old legend. He is also at work upon "a modern novel," and a set of illustrations to the Book of Leviticus! which latter he says "suits me admirably." By the way, "The Mysterious Rose Garden," which appeared in the last volume of *The Yellow Book*, and caused so much revolt and horror, is in reality, he gravely asserts, "the first of a series of Biblical illustrations, and represents nothing more or less than the Annunciation."

❀

Mr. Beardsley speaks with indignation of the British critic's pretentious discovery of the unmentionable in his work. He relates how in *The Yellow Book* (Vol. III.) he produced two drawings and signed them with a *nom de guerre*. All the critics fell into the trap; one critic after referring to Beardsley's work contemptuously, actually praising the work of "Philip Broughton" one of his *incognito* drawings. Favourable reports have reached us of Mr. Beardsley's health since our last issue, but there is no word of his coming to America yet.

❀

The author of the series of articles relating to dramatic criticism, which appear regularly in the London *Saturday Review* over the signature G. B. S., is George Bernard Shaw, who is best known in this country for his very clever and unusual play entitled *Arms and the Man*, first produced in this city by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

❀

The following important piece of information appeared in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald:*

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Surprises in Heaven.

[By Commercial Cable to the *Herald*.]

New York, *March 31st*.—The *Herald's* leading editorial to-day says that many surprises await us in heaven.

❀

An agitated subscriber writes to ask why The Bookman uses what he is pleased to call the "English spelling," and why we do not adopt the system found in Webster and in the Century and Standard Dictionaries. We can best reply to this inquiry by repeating a conversation which took place not long ago between a distinguished Professor of Political Economy and a Profound Philosopher. The Professor of Political Economy, who had been flirting a little with various heterodox theories, said to his friend: "Now frankly, A——, what real objection have you to Socialism as a system?" To which the Profound Philosopher replied: "Only the same objection that I have to walking down Fifth Avenue wearing a bright green necktie!" It is this same objection that we have to such forms as "specter," "Savior," and "pedagog." We desire also respectfully to protest against describing this barbaric mutilation of words as being "American," and the full form as "English," since the latter is English only in the sense that our native language is English, and the other is American only in the sense that pie for breakfast is American.

❀

Two sumptuous volumes, rich in illustration and highly entertaining matter, have just been published; one by the Messrs. Appleton, entitled *Actual Africa; or, the Coming Continent*, by Frank Vincent. The other one is Henry T. Finck's *Lotos-Time in Japan*, the cover of which is a *tour de force* of the designer's art.

❀

Copeland and Day will publish during the month a new volume of poems by Francis Thompson, to be entitled *Songs Wing to Wing*. None of the poems seem to us to rise to the high-water mark of "The Hound of Heaven," but all are distinguished by Mr. Thompson's peculiar poetic quality.

❀

An Italian paper reports that Mr. Gladstone was seen, as his train left Cap Martin, reading the New York *Herald* without his glasses. The English and Continental press have followed the footprints of the honourable statesman on his vacation with amazing industry and sometimes with comic effects, as witness this *jeu d'esprit* from the London *Sketch*.

A VACATION EXERCISE.

The chief literary work which Mr. Gladstone has on hand at the present time is one on which he has been working for the last ten years in the short holidays of his crowded public life. This is a new edition of Bishop Butler, with annotations. Mr. Gladstone's book is to be in two volumes. The text will be in one, the annotations in another.

❀

The Columbia University Press, which was organised a year ago on the model of the Clarendon Press at Oxford and the Pitt Press at Cambridge, has at last

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begun to announce a list of publications. The first of these is *Municipal Home Rule*, by Professor Goodnow, of Columbia College, a notice of which will appear in our next number. In June the Press will bring out a handsome volume of plates and letter-press by Professor E. B. Wilson, illustrating his original and very suggestive biological researches in the life of the cell. These plates are prepared by a new process which applies photography to the results of microscopical work. The publications of the Press are issued through Macmillan and Company, its agents.

❀

Miss Peabody's beautiful poem, "Isolation," in the May *Atlantic*, which has been highly spoken of by several critics, is not the author's first published work, yet she is still a young girl, just completing her Freshman year at Radcliffe.

❀

A correspondent in a British periodical says: "You refer this week to the title 'Jan Maclaren' as an amusing error committed by *Le Chrétien Evangélique*. In a country newspaper, published within twenty miles of London, the name appeared as '*Jane* Maclaren' not many weeks ago."

❀

The posthumous works of Leconte de Lisle are to be published shortly by Lemerre. M. François Coppée is to help the relatives of the poet in preparing the volume, which will begin with the eulogy of Victor Hugo which Leconte de Lisle pronounced on the day of his reception by the Academy.

❀

Mr. Laurence Hutton sailed for Genoa on the 4th of this month. He will spend some time in Paris in order to gather material for a new book on the literary landmarks of Paris. His papers on the literary landmarks of Venice, Florence, and Rome will be issued by the Harpers in October.

❀

The *Saturday Review* for April 13th has two delightful blunders. One of its leading reviewers informs us that Alexandre Dumas the Younger is no longer living, and another contributor speaks of the personal recollections of Joan of Arc, now appearing in *Harper's*, as being an authentic, historical work translated by Mr. Alden. Since the recent change in its editorship, this leading English review has lost a great deal of its interest. It is no longer frivolous and flippant, but it has the much greater fault of being flat.

❀

The practical dismissal of Professors Bemis and Hourwitz from the University of Chicago not long ago, still continues to excite considerable discussion in academic circles. It is, of course, understood that differences of opinion arose between President Harper and the two professors with regard to the tendency of their economic teaching. Professor Bemis, it is said, had some pretty well-defined theories about the control of the gas supply by the municipality. As such control would be inimical to the interests of the Standard Oil Company, which has local gas works, it is easily seen that a university whose funds ooze out of the Standard Oil pipes found its *Lehrfreiheit* considerably hampered. It was a contest between science and gas, and, as might have been expected, science was promptly asphyxiated.

❀

Mr. Frank Stockton writes us that he was not present at the meeting between the Poet and the Harvard undergraduates described in the March number of THE BOOKMAN. This leaves only Mr. Laurence Hutton and the Poet himself to be heard from; so that our article on "The Genesis of a Joke" may soon see the light. We are also gathering material incidentally for another article on "Humourists Who Take Themselves Very Seriously."

❀

The May number of *McClure's Magazine* publishes a portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm (p. 533), and labels it "The Emperor Frederick."

❀

Messrs. Appleton and Company, in preparing and publishing their *Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America*, have taken the pains to produce a book which at once aspires to become a standard and popular work; being, on the one hand, written by one who is an acknowledged authority in ornithology, and who has studied the birds and their habits direct from nature; and, on the other hand, having avoided all techni-

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calities, and containing, as it does, over 200 illustrations drawn at first hand from bird life. Not the least favourable feature about its production is its very moderate expense. Most books that deal authoritatively and at length on this subject are confined by their scientific method to the practised ornithologist, and also command a high price. The cheaper handbooks are insufficient, and when more or less reliable are unsatisfactory at best. So that it will be seen that there is a want for just such a book as that written by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the Museum of Natural History; indeed, it would gratify our readers if they could see the warm letters which have been received from well-known authorities who have read the book in sheets.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown have started together on a walking trip through England. Miss Guiney and Miss Brown have been literary collaborators of late; in the *Three New England Heroines* last autumn, and now in the Stevenson Memorial, just published by Copeland and Day.

❀

Miss Brown is a native of New Hampshire, but she spends her winters in Boston, living in an old street that has numbered among its residents Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, and Whipple, the essayist. Miss Brown was once on the *Transcript* staff, but now works for *The Youth's Companion*. Mr. Alden calls her one of the strongest of the younger poets.

❀

"John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), whose novel of the long name is reviewed on another page, is the daughter of a Mr. Richards, who, we understand, is the proprietor of a famous patent medicine. She is a dark, handsome woman, with large, luminous eyes, and a very high colour. She dresses very smartly, and in conversation is as epigrammatic and brilliant as in her books. *Some*

Mrs. Craigie.

Emotions and a Moral, *The Sinner's Comedy*, *A Bundle of Life*, *A Study in Temptations*, and the title of her last novel, *The Gods*, *Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*, tell us at a glance what to expect before turning a page. Indeed, Mrs. Craigie avows that "the title in each case will be found to explain, so far as a title may, the character of the work." She styles them "philosophical fantasies." Her first book, which she finished in the autumn of 1891, was composed "during many months of wearing illness and under the strain of domestic anxiety," and most of her work since has been pro-

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duced "during long days and hours of invalescence."

❀

Miss Lilian Bell began the writing of *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* several years ago, but it was laid aside until, as

LILIAN BELL.

she says, "I should grow up to it." Her sympathetic portrayal of the common people, with their humours and eccentricities, makes her a master in her field; her humour is of an excellent quality, but in pathos her emotion is apt to get the upper hand yet. For a second book by a young writer of twenty-eight it is remarkable, and as an advance on the *Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published in 1893, it confirms an impression that Miss Bell will make her mark in fiction. She understands, as few writers do, the middle classes, and her sympathies are thoroughly democratic. In conversation Miss Bell is brilliant, and in discussing the topics of the day she exhibits a rare good sense and a ready wit. Miss Bell lives in Chicago, but she comes from the South, her father being Major Joseph Bell, of Kentucky.

It is proposed to collect some of Miss Bell's short stories, which may issue in book form from the press of Stone and Kimball in the autumn. Her two books have been published in England by Messrs. Sampson Low and Marston.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new *Jungle Book* will not be ready until the autumn, at which time his volume of poems will also appear. His *Walking Delegate*, which was published in the Christmas *Century*, will not be included, as Mr. Kipling is reserving this for a book on American backwoods life, or, we might rather say, of underbrush life. This new collection of verses will consist wholly of sea-songs, a striking change of setting from that of his ballads of the barrack-room, but one that will give even greater opportunities for a stirring lyrical treatment.

❀

The new volume of essays by Mr. Brander Matthews noticed in the last number of THE BOOKMAN as about to appear in London contains a dedication to Mr. Kipling which begins as follows:

TO
RUDYARD KIPLING,
OF
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

When this was shown to Mr. Kipling he was much amused by the way in which he had been converted into a Yankee—an amusement in which many will share.

❀

Harry Perry Robinson, whose novel *Men Born Equal* is having a good reception, was in New York for a few days at the end of April. He proposes gathering together the best of his short stories published some years ago in various magazines, and when he has written two more, making a volume of them, which may appear, through the Messrs. Harper, in the autumn.

❀

It is rumoured in literary circles—we give the story with all reserve—that the author of the clever satire just published by Roberts Brothers, *The Curse of Intellect*, is Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury. Lady Gwendolen has written some clever tales, notably a ghost story which appeared in *Blackwood's* a few months ago.

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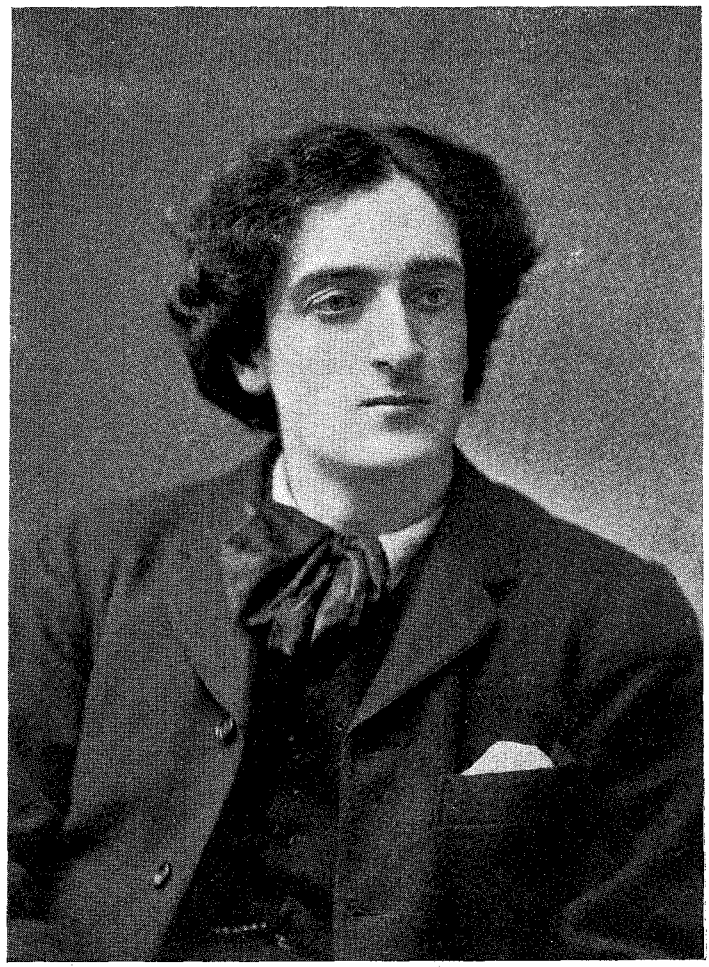
The current number of the *Idler* contains the first of the "Tales of Our Coast" series, which Mr. Robert Barr has been arranging for some time past. "There is Sorrow on the Sea," by Mr. Gilbert Parker, makes a strong start, and Mr. Barr promises that those to follow will excel anything that has been done in this way for a long time. Mr. Harold Frederic has written the second story, "The Path of Murtogh," and Mr. Quiller Couch ("Q") is also expected to contribute to the series. The scene of Mr. Parker's story is laid on the east coast of England, while that of Mr. Frederic is on the southwestern coast of Ireland; and he has written a powerfully picturesque and romantic story full of savage superstition and wild vengeance. The "Tales" will be copyrighted in this country, and will be published in book form simultaneously in England and America on their serial completion.

❀

Inasmuch as Scottish fiction was cradled in the work of John Galt, and that public interest in him has never died out, it would seem well worth while during the present revival of Scottish literature to bring out a new edition of the popular works of the Ayrshire novelist. Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons announce through Messrs. Roberts Brothers a handsomely printed and illustrated edition of Galt's novels, to be introduced and annotated by Mr. S. R. Crockett, and to be revised and edited by Mr. D. Storrar Meldrum, the author of *The Story of Margrédel*. *The Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees*, in two volumes, are now on the point of publication.

The first book to receive the imprint of "The Bodley Head" was also Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's first published work, *Volumes in Folio*, which appeared in 1889. A copy of the first edition was sold in Boston on April 24th at the Maxwell sale. Dodd, Mead and Company will be the American publishers of Mr.



Richard Le Gallienne

Le Gallienne's forthcoming volume of retrospective reviews to be entitled *A Literary Log*. The portrait of Mr. Le Gallienne given above is reproduced for the first time from a new photograph recently taken. Mr. Le Gallienne, who arrived in New York with Mr. Lane last month, returned again by the same steamer a week later. He is coming again in the autumn to lecture.

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Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose most interesting book of Biblical criticism, *The Sceptics of the Old Testament*, has just been imported by Thomas Whittaker, is the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Persistent rumour continues to identify him with the "E. B. Lanin" of that terrible book *Russian Characteristics;* and the correspondence from Armenia, which appeared in the *Telegraph* and excited so much comment, is also believed to have been written by Dr. Dillon.

❀

The inventive genius of Max Pemberton which elaborates his stories, unlike the wild vagaries which run riot in Jules Verne's work, would seem to bear scientific analysis. On another page the reviewer notes the convincing realism which makes the reader, despite its improbability, believe in his "impregnable city." In a previous novel, *The Sea Wolves*, Mr. Pemberton, after a careful study of the modes of transporting gold to Russia, conceived the idea of an immense amount of bullion being stolen in the course of transit from the tugs to the steamers, and worked out such a scheme in the course of his novel. It seems that certain well-known firms of financiers have noted the story, and recently held searching inquiry with a view to ascertaining whether the methods described in *The Sea Wolves* were at all feasible of accomplishment. As a result, it appears to have been decided to make a fundamental change in the mode of sending gold abroad, and to discontinue the use of tugs in its transport.

❀

A well-known writer and editor of an alleged comic journal, who lives in a small New Jersey village, was lately lamenting, with much picturesque detail, the difficulty that he is having in letting his cottage for the summer. "Why," he concluded, "this year, when I am anxious to rent it, not a soul comes by the place all day long; whereas last year, when I had no notion of renting, they came pouring in at every leak in the roof with their hands full of certified cheques!"

❀

Mr. Bonaparte of Córsica, by Mr. Bangs of Yonkers, has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Laurence Hutton writes a paper on prize-fighting for *Harper's Weekly*. A friend suggests as a suitable title, "Notes from a Scrap-Book."

❀

Mr. Labouchere has turned the lash of his pen on the "Ibseny and Green-Carnationy" in a sprightly little essay entitled "The Doom of Literature," which appeared recently in the London *Truth*, and Mr. J. H. Millar castigates the canny Scot for his "muckle conceit" in "The Literature of the Kail-yard" in the pages of *The New Review*. In the right little, tight little island both are liable to be taken seriously, but at this distance they simply amuse us. The old woman who lived in a shoe had a happy time compared with the anxieties which these erring children cause the maternal solicitude of their critics. Mr. Labouchere actually threatens at the close of his article to call in the police. Fancy the Home Office in consultation with Scotland Yard deciding what is innocuous and what is incontinent in literature! Surely the Liberal Whip meant to wind up his tale of woe with a little joke, or has his wit grown dull as his days grow old?

❀

Mr. Stead, the apostle of the New Journalism, partook of the hospitality of his fellows in Chicago, and went home and wrote a book describing what would be found there, "If Christ came to Chicago." "If Moses came to London," says Mr. Zangwill, "he would be very disgusted with Mr. Stead." The reason why, he details at length, "without prejudice" (!) in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May. (Mr. Zangwill, by the way, has been in an ill-humour lately—or is it a Jewish humour?) We now learn that General Booth is engaged on a new work dealing with the submerged humanity question, which was pressed on his attention during his recent tour in America. Is it not safe to predict that the title will be *In Darkest America?*

❀

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, whose acquaintance with Russian literature as the translator of Tolstoy gives him some title to review Miss Isabel F. Hapgood's *Russian Rambles* on another page, has a summer novel in the press of Joseph Knight and Company which will be out shortly. *On the Point* gives a pleasant

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picture of New England life, but the interest of the story hangs on the playful touch of satire and agreeable humour with which Mr. Dole has already made us acquainted. It will be illustrated.

❀

The *Cosmopolitan* has added to its literary correspondence Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Friedrich Spielhagen. Mr. Spielhagen has just finished a new romance, entitled *Susi, a Tale of Court Life*, which will be published by Engelhorn, of Stuttgart.

❀

Mr. John Lane claims that *The Woman Who Did* is selling in England at the rate of a thousand a week. Roberts Brothers, the publishers of the Keynotes series in this country, sold as many as that during the last week in April. They have just completed the tenth thousand.

❀

It may not have been generally observed that with each volume the key which is the sign-manual of the series varies, and that the initials of the author are wrought into the design.

❀

Mr. Lane has made arrangements in this country to publish an edition of Thoreau's poems.

❀

Dr. Richard Garnett has finished a book of translations from Dante, Petrarch, and other Italian sonneteers. He is adjudged by those who have seen the manuscript to do even better as a translator than as a poet in his own right.

❀

The scene of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, which is to begin running in the *Idler* in February of next year, is laid in Greece. In spite of Mr. Hope's prolific literary efforts, it is said by those who have seen the novel to far surpass anything he has yet done.

❀

Much interest has been felt among American women in the recent marriage of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin to George Christopher Riggs. Mrs. Wiggin—begging her husband's pardon, Mrs. Riggs—is to spend some weeks in England during the summer, and afterward she will divide her time between New York and her country home in Maine. She is one of the most fascinating women, has much personal beauty, and her golden hair and blue eyes have not been dimmed in the least since she first won the hearts of the ragged bairns of San Francisco.

❀

Mrs. Riggs's first husband was a young lawyer, whom she met in San Francisco,

MRS. GEORGE RIGGS (MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN).

and who died shortly after they removed to the East. One of her most charming accomplishments is the singing of Mexican folk-songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. She was born in Philadelphia and educated at Andover. In the small town of Hollis, Me., she has a house with the appropriate name of Quillcote, in which her best work has been done.

❀

Considerable amusement was caused last month in the dramatic profession by the sudden resolve of a leading lady to withdraw one of Oscar Wilde's plays from her repertoire. This amusement was due to the very general knowledge of the fact that the lady was six weeks behind in her payment of the author's royalties on the play in question—a fact which is believed to have considerably

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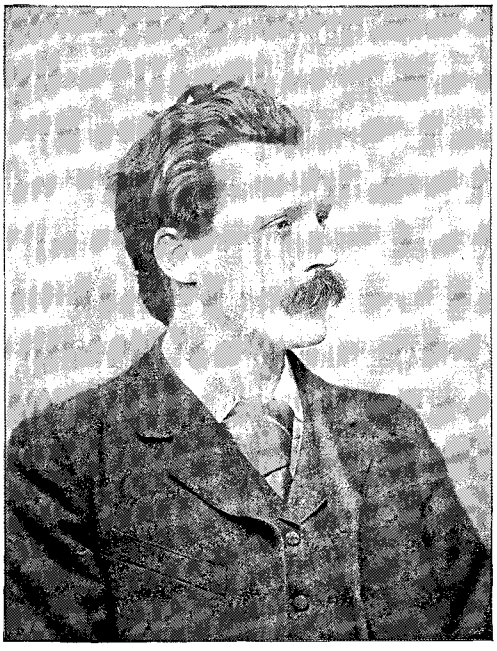
quickened her *sæva indignatio* against the luckless Wilde.

❀

Mr. George Gissing, whose latest story, *Eve's Ransom*, is reviewed on another page, has so far succeeded in evading the wiles of the biographer, preferring to be known by his books only. His early literary struggles gave him the groundwork for his novel, *New Grub Street*. He is a patient and faithful realist, and *Demos*, *Thyrza*, *The Emancipated*, *The Odd Women*, *Born in Exile*, and *In the Year of Jubilee*, occupy a place of their own in modern literature. His work has lately received a good deal of critical attention in France, and American critics are also waking up to the fact that Mr. Gissing is a force in realistic fiction to be reckoned with. *In the Year of Jubilee*, which was reviewed in our March number, is protected by copyright in America, and will be published in the early summer by the Messrs. Appleton.



GEORGE GISSING.

❀

The Humane Society, whose headquarters are at Cambridge, Mass., is sending out letters to a large number of educators asking their views as to the desirability of restricting or even prohibiting the practice of vivisection in our medical colleges. The documents accompanying these articles are remarkable for their temperate and dignified tone, and for the absence of such ranting exaggeration as marred the anti-vivisection crusade of Frances Power Cobbe in England. We wish success to the Society's attempt, but are not especially sanguine of its attainment. The medical profession might possibly give up its present privileges, but the medical student, never! The latter feels so very large when, in the days before he is allowed to maim the human form divine, he can practice his alleged science upon the predatory cat or the homeless dog.

❀

Messrs. Scribner's Sons, by the way, have just published *A Laboratory Guide for the Dissection of the Cat*, prepared by two instructors in Brown University.

❀

Much of the literature of this subject is ephemeral and not generally interesting, but the following little poem, which appeared some fifteen years ago in a college journal, has merit of its own, which leads us to reprint it here and thus rescue it from undeserved oblivion :

The Medic calls the yellow dog,
In confidence he comes ;
The Medic takes the yellow dog
Into the Medic's rooms.

His owner seeks the yellow dog,
He seeks for him in vain.
Alas ! alas ! the yellow dog
He'll never smile again !

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day have nearly ready Mr. Le Gallienne's new volume, the title-page of which reads : "Robert Louis Stevenson : An Elegy and other Poems Mainly Personal. By Richard Le Gallienne." We have received an early proof of the Elegy, from which we quote the following lines :

"High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas
Our northern dreamer sleeps,
Strange stars above him, and above his grave
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendours wave,
While, far beneath, mile after shimmering mile,
The great Pacific, with its faery deeps,
Smiles all day long its silken secret smile.

* * * * *

"Death ! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard ;

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Life! 't was the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel.

* * * *

"Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,
Has earth a grave
O well-beloved, f

That is also a which he says that thr ll"

"God put all H

George Macdonald ith will be published i by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The same firm will also publish a new story, *Fettered, yet Free*, by the popular English author, Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith).

❀

The guest of the New Vagabonds at their dinner in London last month was Mr. I. Zangwill. In the course of his speech, the author of *The Children of the Ghetto* (which, by the way, is coming out in a new edition from the press of Macmillan) made a witty allusion to the popular idea as to the way in which authors obtain their local colour. Referring to his new book, *The Master*, Mr. Zangwill said he had had his room filled with ice—the subject being Nova Scotia—in order to get the necessary environment to realise the cold scenes he wished to describe. One day, by mistake, a fire was lighted in his study, and the ice melted and caused canals on the floor. His younger brother, coming in to do some writing, the scene inspired that young gentleman to write his *Drama in Dutch*.

❀

Miss Frances Frederica Montrésor, whose novel, *Into the Highways and Hedges*, has received such well-merited praise from many reviewers in England, and which has just been published here by the Messrs. Appleton, and is noticed in our Novel Notes, is a daughter of the late Admiral F. B. Montrésor. Miss Montrésor has lived almost all her life in London, and although this is her first attempt at publishing any of her works, she has already had good offers for her next novel.

Miss Montrésor's brother, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was killed in the Soudan.

❀

Into the Highways and Hedges was originally begun some seven or eight years ago. In its first rough copy it must have rivalled *Sir Charles Grandison* in length, and have numbered about six volumes! It was rewritten entirely (for the last time) between March and October of 1894, and several characters were cut out of it.

❀

Mrs. Belle C. Greene has written a story called *The Hobbledehoy*, which is said by an expert judge of boys' stories to achieve, with a measure of success

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hitherto unreached, the difficult task of drawing the boy as he moves, lives, and has his awkward being when he is passing into young manhood. Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, who read the manuscript of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, says that this story affected him in manuscript in the same way, and drew the moisture to his eyes, not by any pathos in the narrative, but by the writer's fine tact and innate human sympathy. Mrs. Greene, of whose New England idyll, *The Adventures of an Old Maid*, were sold 15[illegible]0 copies, is staying in Rome with [illegible] son, whose age would suggest that the "hobbledehoy" has been drawn from life. The illustrations are of exceptional merit, and are the work of a promising young artist, Mr. E. Chase[illegible]mer son.

❀

The Lothrop Publishing Company, who will publish *The Hobbledehoy*, have also a book of child sketches from the novels of George Eliot under way. Most of these glimpses of boy and girl life appeared in *St. Nicholas*, from the pen of that charming writer, Miss Julia Magruder, whose story, *The Princess Sonia*, beginning in the May *Century*, is expected to attract a wider attention to the writing of this young author. The illustrations to *Child Sketches* will be done by Mr. R. B. Birch, the famous illustrator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

❀

The new volume in the Iris Library just published by Macmillan and Company is *A Lost Endeavour*, by Guy Boothby; and *Maureen's Fairing*, by Miss Jane Barlow, is announced for an early date. Messrs. Appleton and Company have just issued a new novel entitled *The Marriage of Esther*, by Guy Boothby, and Miss Barlow has already made a stro[illegible] impression by her charming *Irish I*[illegible] d[illegible] *England Studies*, published two [illegible] go[illegible] For future contribution[illegible] the publishers have se[illegible] r author of *A New* [illegible] A. Steele, the aut[illegible] *unjaub*. Mrs. [illegible] and is gath- [illegible] ume of short [illegible] series.

[illegible] are frequently [illegible] ries in the way of [illegible] ciation. We are ac[illegible] dobon for Audubon, but t[illegible] clerk who addressed a package to the granddaughter of the famous ornithologist the other day, and wrote O'Dobbin, celebrated himself as an unconscious punster of sublime ignorance and innocent Hibernian humour.

❀

Captain Mahan, the author of *The Influence of Sea Power*, and who was appointed recently to the Naval College, at Newport, R. I., "for special duty," has almost finished a new work which he expects to have ready for the press shortly.

WARNING.

If thou dost know a soul that lives with thine,
Oh! keep the wondrous precious secret fast;
Scarce tell it to the stars, when in the night,
Thou stand'st with arms thrown up in joy to heaven,
Or with head bowed, and hands so meekly clasped,
In language of thy soul the truth is felt.

Oh! guard the mystic tie so tenderly,
Let soul alone announce it unto soul;
Gross words would soon dispel the shadowy thing,
And quick thy kindred soul would hide itself—
As doth the sea-anemone when touched.

Eleanor B. Caldwell.

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STEPHEN CRANE.

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK RIDERS, AND OTHER LINES."

You will look in vain through the pages of the *Trade Circul* or any record of a story of New fe entitled *Maggie: A Girl of t ets*, which was published t ars ago in this city. I going to press the tir or you! th- drew their imp wondrous line in ch was sold, in pa ough "the Poet's ski There seems tc now in securi eaven in a woman's eye." that there is no book, and that l's new novel *Li* der the *nom* Smith," may have s n September n its apparent disappea y which came into the w sion was addressed to the Rev. Thomas Dixon a few months ago, before the author went West on a journalistic trip to Nebraska, and has these words written across the cover: "It is inevitable that this book will greatly shock you, but continue, pray, with great courage to the end, for it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in this world, and often shapes lives regardlessly. If one could prove that theory, one would make room in Heaven for all sorts of souls (notably an occasional street girl) who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people." The author of this story and the writer of these words is Stephen Crane, whose "Lines" (he does not call them poems) have just been published by Copeland and Day, and are certain to make a sensation.

Stephen Crane is not yet twenty-four years old, but competent critics aver that his command of the English language is such as to raise the highest hopes for his future career. The impression he makes on his literary coworkers is that he is a young man of almost unlimited resource. The realism of his *Maggie*—a story that might have taken a greater hold on the public than even *Chimmie Fadden*, had the publishers been less timid—is of that daring and terrible directness which in its iconoclasm is the very characteristic of rugged undisciplined strength in a youth of genius. We hear the echo of this mood in number XLV. of his "Lines":

> "Tradition, thou art for suckling children,
> Thou art the enlivening milk for babes;
> But no meat for men is in thee.
> hen———
> it, alas, we all are babes."

Mr. Crane started to write for the press hen only sixteen, and he has

STEPHEN CRANE.

been at newspaper work ever since. He has done very little outside of journalism; some of his stories have been contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, and a story entitled *The Red Badge of Courage*, which relates the adventures of a recruit under fire for the first time during the Civil War, was one of the most successful serials which the Bachelor Syndicate have handled in a long time. This serial has now been set up in book

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form, and will be published in the summer by Messrs. Appleton and Company, who think very highly of his work. Among other manuscripts which are now in the publishers' hands is one entitled *A Woman Without Weapons*. It is a story of New York life, like *Maggie*, but its scenes are laid on the borderland of the slums, and not down in the Devil's Row and Rum Alley. When Mr. Hamlin Garland read *Maggie* and reviewed it in the *Arena* on its appearance, he sought out the intrepid young author and introduced him to Mr. W. D. Howells, who in turn extended his kindness to young Crane, and made him acquainted with several of his *confrères* who were likely to encourage his literary aspirations. For over a year Mr. Crane has been on the staff of the Bachelor Syndicate, and he is now in Mexico "writing up" that country for them.

Mr. Crane is a New Yorker, and both his father and mother are dead. All the stanzas in the little volume which has just been published were written in a sudden fit of inspiration, in less than three days, and were polished and finished and sent off within a fortnight. The cover design of *The Black Riders* was drawn by Mr. F. C. Gordon, whose work on the beautiful holiday edition of Tennyson's *Becket*, published last Christmas, met with signal approbation. A review of *The Black Riders* appears in "Some Recent Volumes of Verse" on another page. What Hamlin Garland said of the author a few years ago may be now repeated with a more certain assurance of fulfilment: "With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is to be henceforth reckoned with."

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Crane is taken from a sketch in black and white by Mr. David Ericson, through whose courtesy we are able to reproduce it here.

REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

I.

A Summer at the Bearcamp, West Ossipee, with Whittier.

"I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life as quiet at their feet."

Whittier.

When I was invited to join the Whittier party at West Ossipee, N. H., in the summer of 1880, I had expected to find the *entourage* of the usual mountain summer resort. Imagine my surprise when on landing at the wayside station not a semblance of human habitation appeared in sight but the old Bearcamp River House, nestling alone in a crescent-shaped valley among the foot-hills of the distant White Mountains. There was no clamouring of hack-drivers, and the cars glided away with a rare silence disappearing in the valley. I afterwards learned that this consideration for human sensitiveness to noise was especially shown out of regard for Mr. Whittier's comfort.

The Bearcamp River House was a relic of the old stage-coach days, and took its name from the bear-hunters who camped there in olden times. It was a long, white wooden building of two stories, with dormer windows. The front door of the house opened from the piazza into a hall, on each side of which were southeast and southwest corner sitting-rooms, furnished in the colonial style. Mr. Whittier's room was back in the northwest corner of the house, remote from passers-by, and care was taken to give him few neighbours, or at least quiet ones. At the end of the hall the door opened into a large dining-room, with windows framing the exquisite views of the western mountains. To the south lay the valley, and towards the southwest began the range of the Ossipee. In the west stood Mount Whittier and Mount Israel, the Sandwich Dome, the Passaconaway, Paugus, Chocorua, and lower ranges, behind which could be seen, on clear days, the distant peak of Mount Washington.

Mr. Whittier had been in the habit of

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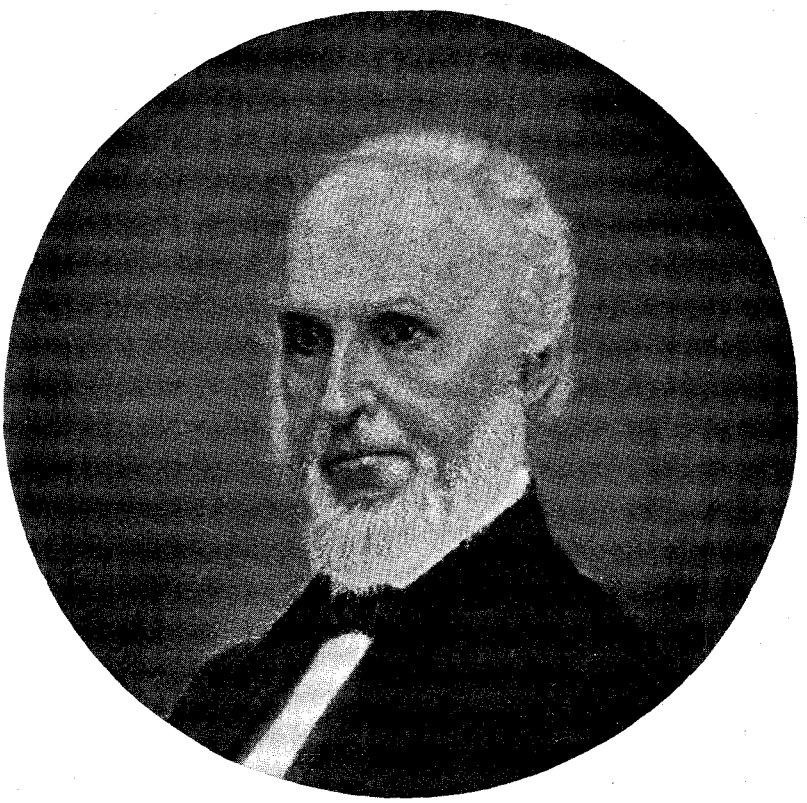
going to some quiet place among the mountains in the summer, until crowded out by strangers he would change his summer abode. Lucy Larcom was the Columbus who discovered Ossipee and the Bearcamp River House; and it was there that she and Mr. Whittier edited in collaboration the volume of selected poems for children called *Child Life;* there also Mr. Whittier gathered around him many admirers and friends.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From a pastel by Miss Helen Burt, now in the possession of General Ewen, and considered by the poet and his friends to be one of the best portraits of him.

I well remember what an unusual stir and ripple in our quiet life among the hills Mr. Whittier's coming made on the evening of his arrival. People usually walked from the seldom arriving trains; but the ancient yellow and red stage-coach with four horses were harnessed, and our host of the Bearcamp, the most expert stage-driver of all the country around, turned out as of yore to do honour to his expected guest.

As Mr. Whittier stepped out of the coach, my first impression was strange and unexpected. Having often heard him called a fanatic on the slavery question, and judging from pictures of him which seemed to harmonise with that expression, I was prepared to see a cold, stern-looking man, but my preconceived idea was completely changed by the appearance of the real man. He had a tall, erect, slender figure, agile in movement. There was a hint of the Quaker in the cut of his coat, which helped to accentuate his sloping shoulders; his remarkable height of brow, all are familiar with from his pictures. But those who have not seen him can only receive a mere outline of the man. His true and characteristic expression seems to have eluded the photographic art. The lines of Puritanic firmness in his face were illumined by his kindly, sympathetic smile, and by the humorous twinkle of his fine brown eyes, which

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on occasion, nevertheless, could dart a shrewd flashing look as piercing as an eagle's. Mr. Whittier was in a sense like his beloved Ossipee, which he interpreted so well—

> "A man to match his mountains, not to creep
> Dwarfed and abased below them."

And "the strength of the hills was his also." Yet with this flint-like character he combined the delicacy and refinement of the noblest type of womanhood.

After Mr. Whittier's arrival and during his days of resting, the little ripple on the placid stream subsided. We led a simple, quiet, unostentatious life. There was not much time spent on toilets, Mr. Whittier's naïve protest to one of our number, "How can thee get well, and spend so much strength in changing thy dress so often?" having its due effect on us. The poet sat at the head of our table. The meals were served in the old-time New England fashion; dinner at noon and tea at night, with pie on the breakfast table. One could look with almost envy and awe on those who ate it. Mr. Whittier was rather abstemious about his food. It was a pleasant and often merry table. Mr. Whittier enjoyed telling and hearing amusing anecdotes and jokes. He used the Quaker "thee" and "thou" in his conversation, and, as New Hampshire people do, often left off the "g" in "ing." A letter written by one of our party had this passage: "Tell —— that the Poet and the Hampshires leave off their 'g's,' so that she can talk about her comin' and goin', ridin' and walkin' in peace with such precedents." Mr. Whittier sat with his back to the light between two windows, and I can still see the aureole of sunlight that circled around his venerable white hair. Our lingering over the tea-table after the meal was past was usually broken up by his reminder, "Oh, we are losing the beautiful sunset," when we would scatter in the twilight outside.

I came to the dinner-table one day with a very curiously marked and coloured maple leaf of bright green shot with a heart of brilliant scarlet pinned on my waist. It attracted the attention of all at the table; some doubted its genuineness and thought it painted. As it was passed around for inspection, Mr. Whittier remarked, when it came to his turn, "I don't see anything remarkable about it." When one explained the striking colouring to him we learned that he could not distinguish between the scarlet and the green; it all looked green to him, but he was only colour-blind on red. One would never have guessed, from his painting of landscapes in poetry or conversation, that his sense of colour was imperfect. It has been said that Mr. Whittier did not care for pictures, but I know that this is far from the truth. He saw and spoke of his own poems and of other poetry as pictures. He was pre-eminently a landscape painter in poetry. His poems of "Among the Hills," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "A Mystery," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "The Voyage of the Jettie," were all pictures from nature at Ossipee. "The Henchman" was written there for Jettie—"the Bay State's graceful daughter."

One day I was painting a bit of sylvan woodland which I thought I had been the first to discover, when I heard a rustle and the snapping of twigs under foot. On looking up I saw Mr. Whittier loitering in my direction. On coming up to me he began to examine my sketch with that kindly interest which he always took in the work of others. "Thee must have more satisfaction," I remember him saying, "in painting nature with brush and colour on canvas than with pen and ink on paper." Of course I could not agree with him, and he replied, "It makes, after all, but little difference with what pencil we work, if the soul guide the hand and its medium;" then with his shy, self-repressive manner he withdrew, saying, "I will no longer interrupt thy work." Later in the day I learned that I had been painting "Whittier Nook," whither the poet frequently retired to brood "on man, on nature, and on human life," and where most of his poems bearing on the scenery of this neighbourhood were composed.

Occasionally transient visitors would drop in for a night or a day, drawn by the presence of Mr. Whittier. One of these incidents is worth mentioning. Two ladies had arrived toward evening. It was soon whispered about that one was a harpist and a composer of music, and that she was going to sing Mr. Whittier's poem of Barbara Frietchie set to her own music. We gathered in the parlours in the evening on tiptoe with

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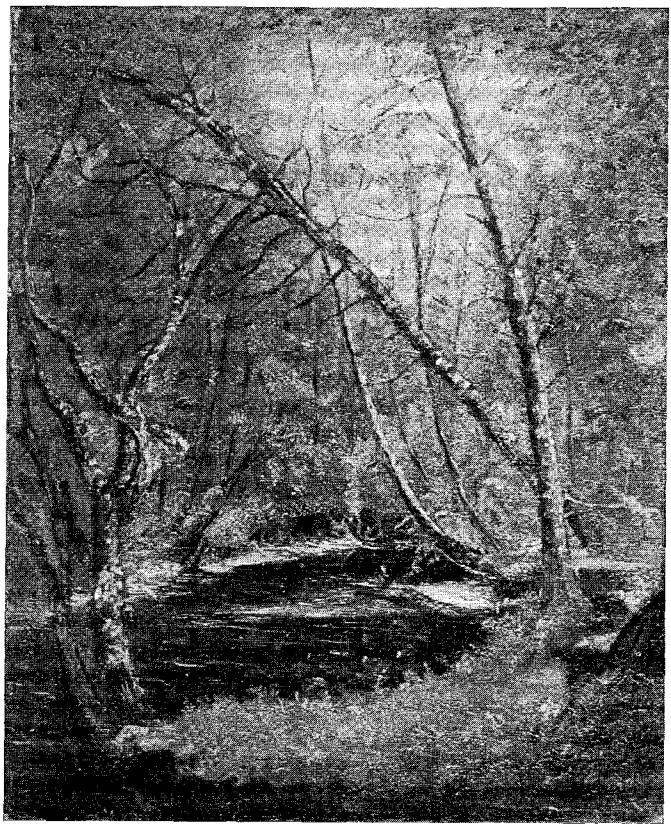
expectation. Mr. Whittier was with us, and after some musical preluding our talented guest sang Barbara Frietchie, with harp accompaniment. When she had finished, the audience did not dare show any demonstration, for we expected Mr. Whittier would show some expression of gratification; as the performance had been given in his honour. But as he continued to sit mutely by we gave a gentle covering applause, during which Mr. Whittier disappeared.

The next morning one lady, bolder than the rest of us, questioned the poet. "How did you like your Barbara Frietchie which the lady sang last night?" "My 'Barbara Frietchie,'" he exclaimed in astonishment; "was that 'Barbara Frietchie'? Thee don't say! Why, I didn't know it!"

It struck him as so ludicrous that he should not have recognised his own poem that he laughed heartily, and then his sympathy was stirred, and he said, "Poor thing! Oh, I am so sorry! To take all that trouble and get no appreciation. Why didn't thee tell me?" and then he burst out laughing again.

The long cold rain seemed to be the turning point from summer to fall-like days and cooler evenings. Mr. Whittier never showed to better advantage, never was more genial than when sitting by the early autumn fire, for it was his prerogative to be fireman-in-chief, and if any one ventured to give it a sly poke, he would mend and poke it again.

What a picture that made! I seem to see him now, resting in his arm-chair drawn before the fire, looking into its bright blaze, with his friends circled around him, the firelight flickering and lighting up his face, for the light of the fire was often the only light in the room, as it pleased him better. His fireside conversation was chiefly remarkable for its concise, clear, common-sense way of going direct to the point. He was entirely lacking in the circumlocutory way of the native New Englander with his hesitating drawl. In general conversation he did not care to lead, but one could see how quickly he read down to the depths or shallows of the talker. Sometimes, if he saw one sitting solitary and apart from the others, he would circle about like a bird and draw near, say a few words and go away; then, fearing, perhaps, lest he had not said the right thing, he would go back again. There was always that sincerity and keen insight of intense sympathy about him which won the confidence and freed the heart of its burden. Once to one who had suffered much, and rebelled with the usual question "Why?" he



WHITTIER NOOK.

From a painting in oil by Miss Helen Burt. It will be observed that the trees in the foreground form the letter W.

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said, "Alas! by thy questioning I fear thee have not yet suffered enough."

These fireside unions seemed to throw over us a premonitory feeling of regret and sadness, for it foreshadowed the tearing asunder of the summer tendrils that held us together. Soon the relentless wheel of time and the train that waits for none came to carry us far apart. We scattered, hoping to meet again at the same rendezvous next summer. Most of the party left before Mr. Whittier, and the sad look that settled on his face as we drove away recalls now his last verse from the "Voyage of the Jettie":

> "And I pray that every venture
> The port of peace may enter,
> That safe from snag and fall
> And siren-haunted islet,
> And rock, the Unseen Pilot
> May guide us one and all."

Little did we guess that nearly all the members of that party would enter "the port of peace" before him.

Helen Burt.

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.

It might have been assumed by Samuel Louden, bookseller and proprietor of the *New York Packet*, that four years from the close of the War of Independence was too short a period of time in which to expect the citizen of the newborn American Republic to repair his broken fortunes and turn his thoughts from the din of battle and the tented field to the gentle arts and walks of peace. As the sequel proved, he did forestall somewhat the domestic market for such wares, when in 1787 he ventured upon the publication of a literary magazine in the city of New York. It was patriotically christened the *American*, and was placed under the editorship of that American lexicographer and grammarian whose name has so long been the schoolboy's household word, if not his terror, Noah Webster. This pioneer of New York magazines was ushered into being December, 1787, and in November, 1788, it quietly passed away, bequeathing to the Commonwealth an example of laudable though unsuccessful endeavour, and an octavo volume of 882 pages.

The *American* was without illustrations, so that the mantle of leadership in the army of New York illustrated periodicals, since become so numerous a body, rests upon the *New York Magazine*, the prospectus and first number of which made its appearance about a twelvemonth after the demise of its short-lived predecessor. It was continued for eight years without interruption, from January 1790 to 1797, when it also ceased to exist, either from lack of patronage or for other good and substantial reasons unknown to the writer.

Magazines identical in scope and character were established almost simultaneously in the two principal cities of the Northern States outside of the city of New York—the *Columbian* in Philadelphia, and the *Massachusetts* in Boston. The latter, as an illustrated magazine, was preceded by the *Royal American*, founded in January, 1774, by Isaiah Thomas. It was suspended at the expiration of six months, and soon after abandoned by him. Later it was revived by Joseph Greenleaf, and continued under his management until the beginning of the War. It was the last periodical established in Boston before the Revolution. It contains engravings executed by the patriot, artist, and silversmith, Paul Revere, including the portraits of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, which are, considering the pre-Revolutionary origin of the prints and the national fame of the engraver, the most interesting, as they are the rarest of all existing specimens of early American engraved portraits.

Copper-plate engravings were also used in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, published in Philadelphia in 1775 and 1776, by Robert Aitkin. They consist of maps, plans, and views, the most interesting of the latter being "A Correct View of the Late Battle at Charlestown,

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June 17th, 1775," published in the number for September of that year.

It behooves the seeker of early American prints to bear the titles of these four magazines well in mind, although he will not run chock-a-block against them in the first bookshop he comes to nor in the second. The *Philadelphia Magazine* is not quite so difficult to find as the other three.

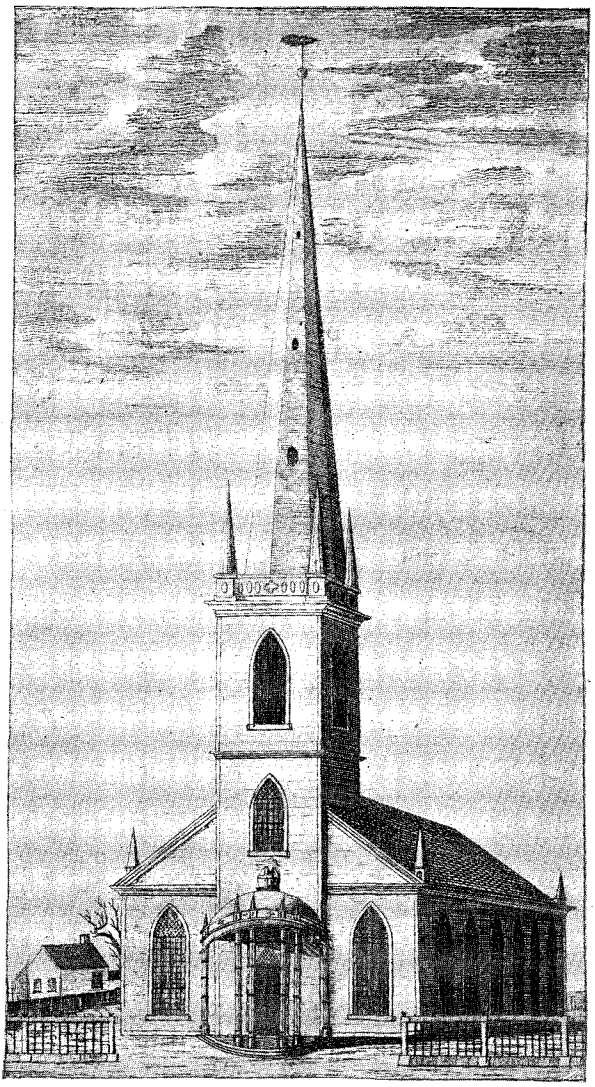
The publishers of the *New York Magazine* were Thomas and James Swords, of No. 44 Crown Street, known for many years as publishers of books relating to the Episcopal Church.

They recite in their preface that the proposed work will be printed with beautiful new type cast by the ingenious Mr. Caslon, on good American manufactured paper, that it will consist of 64 pages, and be published the first of each month. "Each number," they add, "will contain one or more copper plates representing some particular passage in the work."

The price to subscribers was fixed at eighteen shillings, payable upon the instalment plan; five shillings upon the delivery of the first number; five on the delivery of the sixth, and the remaining eight at the expiration of the year. The generous proposition was also made, that if on delivery of the third number the work should not appear to equal the expectation of any subscriber, it would be at his option to discontinue his subscription under forfeit of the five shillings already paid. To non-subscribers the price of each number was two shillings.

The publishers appear to have launched their literary craft with some mental misgivings, and in an address to the public they humbly solicit the countenance and support of the native and free-born Americans, "whose characteristic has ever been to foster and cultivate the arts, and to reward honest industry by the bounty of a liberal hand." In conclusion they state that if "this appeal for support is merely sufficient to defray expenses the magazine will live; if it is inadequate it must DIE."

The magazine began its career with the respectable number of 369 subscribers. The list is headed by their



TRINITY CHURCH IN 1795.

Excellencies the President and Vice-President of the United States, and in its columns appear the names of New York's most prominent citizens, the Jays, Duers, Bleeckers and De Peysters, Richard Varick, Gabriel Furman, Elias Hicks, and John Pintard. There are also a goodly number of out-of-town subscribers, among them Ralph Izard,

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of Charleston, and the Van Rensselaers, of Albany, and curiously, there are not a few names from that—in those steamerless days—far-off land of the blue noses, Nova Scotia. The *New York Magazine* certainly began its career under fairly promising auspices, and should have enjoyed a longer period of usefulness.

DESPAIR.

The literary feast which the editors of the *New York Magazine* spread before its readers was sufficiently diversified to suit the most catholic tastes. It embraced meteorological observations, historical sketches, essays, travels, hints on gardening, short stories, tales of adventure, Congressional reports, foreign and domestic intelligence, marriages and deaths. A large portion of its space was devoted to poetical effusions, and the editors appear to have made every effort to foster the budding American muse, and assist in its laborious ascent of Mount Parnassus.

The stories are either of the highly sensational or sentimental order, and are generally pointed with a moral. All are expressed in the stilted phraseology, ornate to the point of grotesqueness, that flowed in such full and turgid streams from the pens of eighteenth-century story-tellers. The poetry leans to the pathetic and lovelorn, and is attuned to touch the tender sensibilities of the members of the gentler sex who were among the favoured readers of the only literary magazine of the day.

Aside from the record of marriages and deaths and a few local items of some slight historical importance, there is nothing in the literature of the *New York Magazine* that, if it had been totally destroyed, would have proved a serious loss to posterity or to the world of letters; but in its pictorial features we find matter of very considerable value and interest. The publishers builded better than they knew when they summoned to their aid Anderson, the artist, and Tiebout and Scoles, the copper-plate engravers, and bid them depict for the pages of their magazine the architectural beauties of the city of New York. Unfortunately, however, with these embellishments to tempt the cupidity of the print collector, they implanted the seeds of destruction in their work. What has become of the 369 copies of the *New York*

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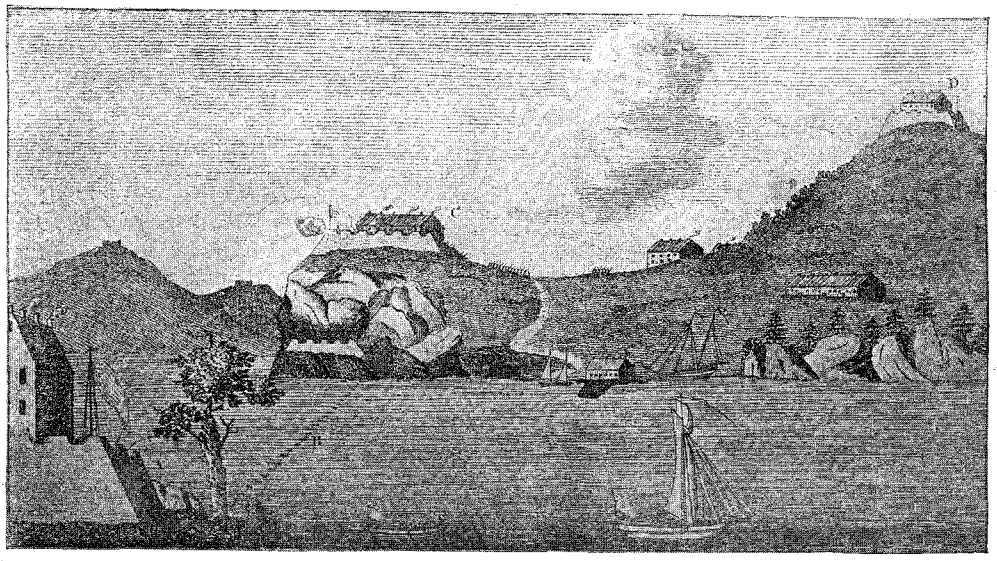

WEST POINT FROM THE NORTH AS IT APPEARED AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Magazine that we *know* must have been printed? is as unanswerable a query as is, "What becomes of all the pins?" Presumably an edition of at least 500 copies was issued, and yet there is at the present time in all probability not half a dozen perfect copies in existence. The one belonging to the New York Historical Society is perfect, and contains all the plates, but it required years of cat-like watchfulness of auction sales and patient groping through booksellers' catalogues to make it so. I doubt if all the descendants of all the subscribers named in the prospectus could muster a perfect copy. Some old grey garret rat in one of their ancestral homes might possibly pilot us to the hiding-place of a few of its sere and yellow leaves.

Illustrations in the *New York Magazine* are as delightfully varied in character as are its literary contents. Pictures of birds, beasts, and flowers are there to please and instruct the embryo naturalist. Views in foreign parts are presented in great variety. By the magic wand of the artist we are transported in open-eyed wonder from the great Pagoda at Tanjore all the way to Kamschatka, stopping long enough *en route* to catch glimpses of Mt. Etna in a violent state of eruption, and to stand aghast at the sight of a vessel with its shrieking, living freight, on the point of being engulfed in the Maelstrom of Norway. By way of fashion plates we are furnished with pictures of the Esquimaux Indians, of Hudson's Bay, and the dresses of women in the Isle of Nio, in the Grecian Archipelago.

The titles of the illustrations to the stories suggest, to one not privileged to gaze upon them, their romantic and sentimental character: "Her Sense had Fled," "The Cornish Lovers," "Edwin and Angelina," "Alcanzar and Layda," "Despair, or the History of Delia and Lorenzo," "The Death of Adonis," and "The Babes in the Woods." What a waste of the engraver's time and skill! Would that some good fairy could have stood at his elbow and induced him to give us, instead of these copper-plate platitudes, more pictures of our beloved city in those olden times.

If we omit the portrait of Isaiah the prophet, which we are hardly justified in believing to be a veritable likeness, we are furnished with only two "counterfeit presentments," those of the Revolutionary heroes, Generals Greene and Wayne.

Scattered through the pages of the magazine are a number of views of places in different sections of the country, of which the most important from an historical or topographical standpoint are the following:

"West Point from the North as it appeared at the close of the War."

"The Palisades."

"Town of Kaatskill. Hudson River."

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"Inside View of the New Theatre, Philadelphia." (A picture of great interest to the collectors of American dramatic illustrations.)

"A View of the Town of Boston from Breed's Hill in Charleston, and another of the Bridge over Charles River, Mass.," will delight the eye of the Bostonian. When he has secured these prints, the engravings of a similar character that are to be found in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, Paul Revere's noted engraving of the Boston Massacre, and the print of Castle William* in the Harbour of Boston, he will have captured about all the graphic memorials of this early period in the history of his native city that exist.

The local topographical illustrations which give the magazine its unique value and importance to the New York collector remain to be noticed. They are, with one exception—that of Federal Hall—the only existing pictures of the places they represent, made at the period to which the magazine belongs, or, as far as I am aware, at any previous epoch in the history of our city. These engravings number ten in all, and seven of them appear in the first volume. Two views of the Monument and of the Lighthouse at Sandy Hook are of minor importance; the remaining eight subjects are as follows:

"An East View of Trinity Church" (the rebuilding of which had just been completed).

"A Perspective View of the Federal Edifice in the City of New York" (then lately reconstructed. As before noted, a contemporary picture of this building, on a larger scale, is to be found in the *Columbian Magazine*).

"A View of Columbia College in the City of New York."

"A View of the Present Seat of his Excellency the Vice-President (John Adams) of the United States." This is properly styled a "rural view." It was the famous Richmond Hill House, built by Abraham Mortier, Paymaster-General of the Royal forces. It stood embowered in trees and shrubbery near the banks of the North River, at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton streets, on what was then the road to Greenwich. It was occupied in the summer of 1776 by General Washington as a country residence, and afterward assumed additional historical importance as the residence of Aaron Burr at the time of his duel with Hamilton. It was sold by Burr's creditors, after his flight, to John Jacob Astor for $25,000.

A View of Hell Gate is the last illustration in Vol. I. With this plate the artist appears to have exhausted for the time being this valuable material for his pencil. No other pictures of buildings in this city appear until 1795 in Vol. V., when we are given a view of Belvedere House, a building erected on the banks of East River, near Corlear's Hook, in 1792, by thirty-three gentlemen composing the Belvedere Club.

The January number of 1795 contains an interesting engraving of the Government House, so called because it was appropriated to the use of the Governors of the State, although originally intended as a presidential residence when it was thought that New York would be fixed upon as the Capitol City of the country. This building was erected on the spot where Fort George formerly stood, fronting Broadway. The view is taken from the northwest corner of the Battery near the end of Greenwich Street, and shows a part of the city and some portion of the Battery.

In the same volume (October, 1795) we have the last of these attractive pictures of old New York. The series closes with a view of St. Paul's Church, which displays, in addition to the chapel, the lower portion of the City Hall Park, then surrounded by wooden palings. The spire of this venerable edifice still points heavenward, as it did in the days when Anderson drew its graceful outlines, but every other architectural landmark depicted in the pages of the *New York Magazine* has long since vanished as completely as the baseless fabric of a dream.

With the exception of a few comparatively large engravings, such as the memorial portrait of Washington standing on a pedestal in front of Bowling Green (also engraved by Tiebout), that *rara avis* among New York prints known as the Rip Van Dam plate of the Middle Dutch Church, and the "Federal Edifice" in the *Columbian Magazine*, the old periodical before us supplies all the engravings of New York in the latter part of the last century that to the best of

* Built by Colonel Romer, A.D. 1704, by order of the General Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts.

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my knowledge exist. These pencilled records of the past are few and simple, but precious in the sight of every collector of memorials of this goodly town of Manhattan, and in their modest, unpretentious way they supply important links in the chain of our topographical history.

W. L. Andrews.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

IV. THE FIRST DELIGHT.

"We were reading Plato's Apology in the Sixth Form," says Mr. Symonds in his account of his school life at Harrow. "I bought Cary's crib, and took it with me to London on an *exeat* in March. My hostess, a Mrs. Bain, who lived in Regent's Park, treated me to a comedy one evening at the Haymarket. I forget what the play was. When we returned from the play I went to bed and began to read my Cary's Plato. It so happened that I stumbled on the 'Phædrus.' I read on and on, till I reached the end. Then I began the 'Symposium;' and the sun was shining on the shrubs outside the ground floor on which I slept before I shut the book up. I have related these unimportant details because that night was one of the most important nights of my life. . . . Here in the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium,' in the 'Myth of the Soul,' I discovered the revelation I had been waiting for, the consecration of a long-cherished idealism. It was just as though the voice of my own soul spoke to me through Plato. Harrow vanished into unreality. I had touched solid ground. Here was the poetry, the philosophy of my own enthusiasm, expressed with all the magic of unrivalled style." The experience recorded in these words is typical; it comes to every one who has the capacity for the highest form of enjoyment and the highest kind of growth. It was an experience which was both emotional and spiritual; delight and expansion were involved in it; the joy of contact with something beautiful, and the sudden enlargement which comes from touch with a great nature dealing with fundamental truth. In every experience of this kind there comes an access of life, as if one had drank at a fountain of vitality.

A thrilling chapter in the spiritual history of the race might be written by bringing together the reports of such experiences which are to be found in almost all literatures—experiences which vary greatly in depth and significance, which have in common the unfailing interest of discovery and growth. If this collocation of vital contacts could be expanded so as to include the history of the intellectual commerce of races, we should be able to read the story of humanity in a new and searching light. For the transmission of Greek thought and beauty to the Oriental world, the wide diffusion of Hebrew ideas of man and his life, the contact of the modern with the antique world in the Renaissance, for instance, effected changes in the spiritual constitution of man more subtle, pervasive, and radical than we are yet in a position to understand. The spiritual history of men is largely a history of discovery; the record of those fruitful moments when we come upon new things, and our ideas are swiftly or slowly expanded to include them. That process is generally both rapid and continuous; the discovery of this continent made an instant and striking impression on the older world, but that older world has not yet entirely adjusted itself to the changes in the social order which were to follow close upon the rising of the new world above the once mysterious line of the western horizon.

Now, this process of discovery goes on continuously in the experience of every human soul which has capacity for growth; and it is the peculiar joy of the lover of books. Literature is a continual revelation to every genuine reader; a revelation of that quality

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which we call art, and a revelation of that mysterious vital force which we call life. In this double disclosure literature shares with all art a function which ranges it with the greatest resources of the spirit; and the reader who has the trained vision has the constant joy of discovery: first, of beauty and power; next, of that concrete or vital form of truth which is one with life. One who studies books is in constant peril of losing the charm of the first by permitting himself to be absorbed in the interest of the second discovery. When one has begun to see the range and veracity of literature as a disclosure of the soul and life of man, the definite literary quality sometimes becomes of secondary importance. In academic teaching the study of philology, of grammar, of construction, of literary history has often been mistaken or substituted for the study of literature; and in private study the peculiar enrichment which comes from art simply as art is often needlessly sacrificed by exclusive attention to books as documents of spiritual history.

It must not be forgotten that books become literature by virtue of a certain quality which is diffused through every true literary work, and which separates it at once and forever from all other writing. To miss this quality, therefore, is to miss the very essence of the thing with which we are in contact; to treat the inspired books as if they were uninspired. The first discovery which the real reader makes is the perception of some new and individual beauty or power; the discovery of life and truth is secondary in order of time, and depends in no small measure on the sensitiveness of the spirit to the first and obvious charm. If one wishes to study the life—not the mere structure—of an apple-tree in bloom, he must surrender himself at the start to the bloom and fragrance; for these are not mere external phases of the growth of the tree, they are most delicate and characteristic disclosures of its life. In like manner he who would master *As You Like It* must give himself up in the first place to its wonderful and significant beauty. For this lovely piece of literature is a revelation in its art quite as definitely as in its thought; and the first care of the reader must be to feel the deep and lasting charm contained in the play. In that charm resides something which may be transmitted, and the reception of which is always a step in culture.

To feel freshly and deeply is not only a characteristic of the artist, but also of the reader; the first finds delight in creation, the second finds delight in discovery; between them they divide one of the greatest joys known to men. Wagner somewhere says that the greatest joy possible to man is the putting forth of creative activity so spontaneously that the critical faculty is, for the time being, asleep. The purest joy known to the reader is a perception of the beauty and power of a work of art so fresh and instantaneous that it completely absorbs the whole nature. Analysis, criticism, and judicial appraisement come later; the first moment must be surrendered to the joy of discovery.

Heine has recorded the overpowering impression made upon him by the first glimpse of the Venus of Melos. An experience so extreme in emotional quality could come only to a nature singularly sensitive to beauty and abnormally sensitive to physical emotion; but he who has no power of feeling intensely the power of beauty in the moment of discovery, has missed something of very high value in the process of culture. One of the signs of real culture is the power of enjoyment which goes with fresh feeling; all great art is full of this feeling; its characteristic is the new interest with which it invests the most familiar objects; and one evidence of capacity to receive culture from art is the development of this feeling. The reader who is on the way to enrich himself by contact with books cultivates the power of feeling freshly and keenly the charm of every book he reads simply as a piece of literature. One may destroy this power by permitting analysis and criticism to become the primary mood, or one may develop it by resolutely putting analysis and criticism into the secondary place, and sedulously developing the power to enjoy for the sake of enjoyment. The reader who does not feel the immediate and obvious beauty of a poem or a play has lost the power, not only of getting the full effect of a work of art, but of getting its full significance as well. The surprise, the delight, the joy of the first discovery are not merely pleasurable; they are in the highest degree educational. They reveal the sensitiveness of the nature to those ultimate

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forms of beauty and power which art takes on, and its power of responding not only to what is obviously beautiful, but is also profoundly true. For the harmonious and noble beauty of *As You Like It* is not only obvious and external; it is wrought into its structure so completely that, like the blossom of the apple, it is the effluence of the life of the play. To get delight out of reading is, therefore, the first and constant care of the reader who wishes to be enriched by vital contact with the most inclusive and expressive of the arts.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

There is much in Mr. Richard Burton's recent plea for a "healthful tone" in American literature with which all candid and thoughtful critics will agree. It is quite true that the pseudo-realism preached by Zola and echoed by his imitators has ended, or is ending, in dismal failure. It is also quite true that the best and most vital literature cannot be produced in a period of decadence. But sweeping conclusions are as dangerous in criticism as anywhere else. I cannot help thinking that there is a gap in the logical process which makes the doctrine of "art for art's sake" responsible for the vagaries of Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. George Moore. I am inclined to believe that in some cases the badness of the art rather than the badness of the doctrine is at fault. It is not necessary to plunge too deeply into a discussion of the subtle relations between art and life in order to discern the fallacy of Mr. Burton's conclusion. One differs from so accomplished a critic with hesitation; but it is at least permissible to state the other side of the case as modestly as may be. The doctrine of "art for art's sake" is not inevitably promulgated solely by "the spirit that denies." It is not inevitably a Mephistophelian cry, "Evil, be thou my good." On the other hand, a thoroughly healthy and sane art must find in itself its chief reward. The artist, if he be a conscientious artist, must paint life as he sees it. His failure, if he fails, is less likely to be due to a false theory than to arise from a distorted vision. Mr. Burton implies that distorted vision is the rule with those who hold to what they call an artistic point of view. They cannot see straight. They have no sense of perspective. Everything in their horizon assumes equal proportions. If this were true, nothing could be said in their defence. But is it true?

It will perhaps be more useful to try to suggest some aspects of the question that Mr. Burton seems to have overlooked than to engage in any laborious compilation of evidence for the other side; more especially as no lover of literature can help agreeing, at least in part, with Mr. Burton on many points. I trust that I shall not do the essential part of his argument injustice if I sum it up by saying that, although he sees a brilliant opportunity for literature in the United States, he thinks that American writers, as a rule, fail to take full advantage of it, largely because of the prevalence among them of the doctrine of "art for art's sake," and the influences of spiritual unrest at the bottom of it; that the fallacy of the creed thus adopted is obvious; and that philosophy and æsthetics are alike opposed to the arguments in its favour. This is by no means a full statement of his position, but I think that it covers the ground sufficiently and fairly.

In the first place, I feel that Mr. Burton has somewhat overstated the degree, not to say the kind, of "stimulus to literary endeavour" which American life offers. True, this life is varied and diverse. It is lived in a constantly shifting scene. It drives ahead under the highest pressure. It surges against a thousand social and economic barriers. But these things tell against art rather than for it. The man who is on the ground, who is a part of the action, gets a very confused idea of the progress of the battle. The analogy is imperfect, but it is perhaps none the less illuminative. Art demands leisure and the ability to see life as a whole. It is not until the sharpness of the struggle for

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life is a little abated that a nation has time for art. If our American literature, as a rule, revolves about an older civilisation, there may be some better reason for it than the incapacity of our writers. There came out of the West not long ago a defiant—perhaps I should have said an exultant—protest against the crushing critical domination of the East. It was intimated that the breath of artistic life blew freely only on the prairies, and that one must be a simple child of nature, with a home in the setting sun, to produce literature truly patriotic. But I do not think that we want to make our art quite so provincial as that. Of course, criticism should deal as kindly as possible, even to the point of indulgence, with the artist who shows a sense of local colour, although the colour may be crudely put on. But the same ear can delight in a simple Scottish ballad and a masterpiece by Verdi; the same eye can find satisfaction in a Wouverman and a Rubens; and the same mind can appreciate Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Henry James. There need be no "new art" and no "new criticism" to convince us of this. Yet it is in the main true enough that the problems of an older civilisation have more intrinsic value as well as greater extrinsic attraction to the novelist and the poet than a newer civilisation whose problems are hardly formulated. Fifty years ago New York and Boston were perhaps not as well known to fiction as Chicago and Denver are to-day. But New York and Boston have produced some rich literary results within a half a century. It would be strange if as much could not be said of Chicago and Denver fifty years hence. A novel like *The Golden House* is answer enough to the charge that American writers do not appreciate the possibilities of American life. But Mr. Burton objects to "specialisation, the study of particular environments and local types," and I suppose there is no doubt that *The Golden House* would come under this characterisation. He wants our novelists to set to work with "broader national motives." I fear that in the case of most of them there would not be enough to go around if they spread themselves out too thin. The writer who tills well his own particular and local plot may at least console himself with the reflection that he has at least caught one phase of contemporary life which is likely to be of use to the historian or the romancer of the future. And, perhaps, only that historian or that romancer, dealing with the things of the past, can get the true perspective and interpret the broader motives. If a great national novel were possible, would it not almost of necessity hark back to times far enough behind to permit the historical estimate, which is truer than the contemporary estimate?

It is not the difficulty of the task, however, according to Mr. Burton, which keeps American fiction provincial. Our writers, he assumes, are too much under the influence of the spirit that denies. They suffer from defective perceptions of morality. When they talk about "art for art's sake," it is because they are dominated by "spiritual unrest," and no longer have "religious convictions and ethical ideals." I will not say that the complaint is wholly unfounded. But if it were wholly justified we should be, artistically speaking, in a very bad way. I fully sympathise with Mr. Burton in his dislike of the so-called Decadents—the men who find life truly artistic only in the moral and spiritual slums. But it seems to me like begging the question to say that if a man holds the "art for art's sake" theory he is necessarily a Decadent. No, not the theory, but the vision, is at fault. How, indeed, can the conscientious artist paint life otherwise than as he sees it? Whose eyes are likely to be as useful to him as his own? The trouble with the Decadents—or the Pseudo-Realists—is not that they deal with humanity in its darker aspects, but that they deal only with these aspects, so that the total result of the composition is quite as false to reality as the most extravagant exaggerations of the Romanticists ever were. They may paint what they see, but they do not see the whole. They would not mend matters by leaving the solid ground of observation, and endeavouring to paint what they did not see. Their only hope is in restored eyesight; and this is, I fear, a futile hope.

Now when I say that the artist is bound to paint what he sees, I am not advocating a gross materialism. I do not say that it is necessarily good art to go into the haunts of vice and crime, to select the most repulsive figures which frequent those haunts, and to reproduce

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with microscopic exactness every loathsome feature. The phrase, "art for art's sake," rightly interpreted, does not imply that. The artist must have a spiritual as well as a physical vision. To make the world and the men and women in it merely sordid and squalid is neither truth nor art; and art is before all else truth—truth in the largest and noblest sense. The vision must be the "vision and the faculty divine." It must be able to discern "some soul of goodness in things evil." Properly speaking, the writers of the Zola school are not realists at all. The distinctively and essentially bestial world in which their imaginations live is not the real world. They are falser—far falser—to the facts of life than Hugo or Dumas ever dreamed of being. There is more human nature "as it is" in Jeanie Deans than in Nana. Thackeray is a greater realist than Mr. George Moore. That is a convincing touch when Becky Sharp says that with ten thousand a year she could have been a good woman. Thackeray saw the soul of goodness in things evil. Zola sees in humanity only the muck and the slime. There is little reality in these modern studies of immorality and crime. They are as absurd in one way as the old-fashioned melodrama is in another. But they are offensive because of the artist's lack of skill, because he apprehends his subject vaguely, not because the subject itself is never to be chosen. The ability to distinguish between the false and the true in art, to paint vice as well as virtue in such a way that the moral lesson will be made obvious by the processes of art and not by the processes of argument—this ability is a question of æsthetics rather than of ethics. The moral tag is sure to be resented—the book "with a purpose" is sure to be dull. It is a degradation to art to say that it shall exist for the sake of philosophy or theology or sociology or economics. The artist who discards the formula of "art for art's sake" yields by that act the dignity of his calling. Art, as I have said, is truth in its larger aspects, life in its fuller development. And there can be no immorality in the perception of truth or the presentation of life. Immoral art is a contradiction in terms. A novel or a poem that is immoral is as bad from the æsthetic as from the ethical point of view. The artist who ignores vice and the artist who shows us nothing but vice are equal offenders against that highest form of truth which is art.

Let me repeat, therefore, at the risk of being tiresome, that only in holding to this theory of "art for art's sake," which Mr. Burton condemns, is the artist likely to keep his rudder true and reach the mark at which he steers. "Morals" and "purposes" are delusive lights. The novelist is an historian before all else, an historian of the life and soul of man; and when he has narrated his history with a degree of accuracy as undeviating as human conditions will permit, he has accomplished his task, and the morality of the result need not trouble him. Departure from fact is immoral; exaggeration is immoral; but not the fact itself. So long as there is vice in the world he who takes human nature for his theme cannot ignore it. That is a poor sort of morality which consists in merely closing one's eyes. To paint evil as it is means the strongest sort of work for morality; for evil is always repulsive except when it is seen through rose-coloured spectacles. This was what Shakespeare and all the great ones to whom Mr. Burton appeals certainly did. It seems to me that Mr. Burton hits upon the weak point in his own argument when he says that the so-called realists ignore "two potent elements"—taste and selection. True; but why does he assume that the fault lies in a defective theory, rather than in a defective vision? The Decadents are right enough in believing in "art for art's sake," but they are wrong in thinking that they have grasped the true significance of that theory. They are like some modern colourists who use the brush before they are expert with the pencil. They are the impressionists of literature, distorting life, not portraying it. Writers of that sort will certainly add no strength to our literature; there is no health in them. But to point to them as illustrating the fallacy of the theory of "art for art's sake" is not a very convincing *argumentum ad hominem*.

Edward Fuller.

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NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

[The following hitherto unpublished fragment was received by the Hon. Albert Gallatin in 1815, from the Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon, whom he had met at Geneva. It is a memorandum made by Lady Lucy Barry of an account given her by Mr. Douglas, a member of Parliament, immediately after visiting Napoleon at Elba. The original is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. For a copy of it THE BOOKMAN is indebted to the courtesy of the Comte de Gallatin.]

Mr. Douglas dined with Colonel Barry yesterday. He is just come from the island of Elba, where he had an audience of nearly two hours with Bonaparte. His account of him was nearly as follows: On his arrival in the island he went to General Bertrand (who is a sort of chamberlain), to state that he was a member of the English Parliament, etc., and to request permission to pay his respects to the Emperor. General Bertrand was ill, but he received a very civil answer from General Drouet in the affirmative. He was accordingly introduced, and was received with great courtesy. Bonaparte asked several questions about his journey, and then, to the surprise of Mr. Douglas, began to talk in the most unreserved manner of the state of affairs in Europe. He said he lamented that the present government had not given up the slave trade; that had he remained in power he would have done so, as it was a system of brigandage by which France was not benefited. He had proposed a plan for the settlement of St. Dominique, to give up the centre of the island to the blacks and to establish factories upon the coast. That he had conceived it would be attended with advantage to allow polygamy among the blacks, but upon consulting a certain Bishop, "un bon homme; cet evèque m'a dit, c'est contraire à la religion Chrétienne." He abused the Emperor Alexander with great violence; said he was *faux et un fat.* "Vous ne pouvez pas avoir une idée de la fausseté de cet homme." We were right, he said, in supposing that there has (have) been secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit: Alexander was bound by them to go to war with England. "Cela entra dans mon système." He said the Bourbons would repent it if they gave up Belgium; that he would have given up anything else; but that he knew the French people would not allow him to remain on the throne except as a conqueror. France would not bear to be confined to her ancient limits. He compared her to air compressed within too small a compass, the explosion of which was like thunder. "Malheur aux Bourbons si jamais ils font la paix sans conserver aucune conquête; il y a dans la France une jeunesse bouillante de 100,000 hommes accoutumés au métier de la guerre." He was here evidently carried away by his subject, and suddenly recollecting himself, said: "Mais ce n'est pas mon affaire; je suis mort."

In the course of conversation, Prince Metternich was mentioned, and Mr. Douglas said: "C'est un bon politique." Bonaparte answered, "Non, c'est un homme très aimable, et qui parle très bien en compagnie, mais qui ment toujour; on peut mentir toujours mais ce n'est pas selon ma politique."

England was, he said, at the height of power and glory, but that we must remember that when nations were arrived at that point it was said they were near a decline; that the continental powers were jealous of our maritime rights, and in time of peace would be as much so as they had been of his territorial acquisitions. He laughed and joked a great deal about the Pope and the tricks he had played to get him into his power, constantly repeating, "Moi qui suis le meilleur Catholique du monde; il n y a pas dans le monde un meilleur Catholique que moi," and sentences of this sort. He said he understood the world had expected that he would have put a pistol to his head. But no, he had been born a soldier; had found the throne of France vacant; circumstances had placed him on it; that he had remained there fourteen years, and had been obliged to descend from it. Having borne this, "ce serait un tâche qui ne pourrait pas soutenir l'existence."

He was sorry, he said, that at the close of the last campaign, when he had advanced to Ville-Iuif, he had not pushed on to Paris. He had thirty thousand of his Guards with him, who would have shed the last drop of their blood for him, and he thinks his pres-

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ence would have raised the people to defend the town. He wished much to do so, but was dissuaded by his generals. He complains bitterly of Marmont: "Could you have believed it, that a man to whom I had actually given bread would have deserted me in that manner?" He said we had not done justice to the Americans; that there had never been any treaty between him and Madison; and that they had held as high language to him as they had done to us. Mr. Douglas had crossed the Alps by the passage of the Simplon—one of the most splendid works of Bonaparte's reign, who, hearing it, made many inquiries about the state of the road, etc., appeared minutely acquainted with it, and interested on the subject. This is as well as I can recollect nearly the whole of what Mr. Douglas related to us.

He says Bonaparte is in excellent health; not so fat as had been told; very dirty and vulgar in his manner of speaking, and extremely poor. The French Government have not paid him his pension, and in consequence he has been obliged to reduce his household one half. He has twelve hundred troops in his pay, mostly veterans who have followed his fortunes, from the Imperial Guard. Mr. Douglas says his apparent want of feeling is beyond anything he could have conceived. He could not learn anything on the subject of the reports that he was to leave Elba. Some time ago a felucca landed in one of the most barren parts of the island, and a messenger was dispatched to Bonaparte; he came down unattended by any servant, and received a lady whom he conducted to a country house of his. She remained there two days, at the end of which time he reconducted her in the same manner. They embraced often at parting; the Elbans think it was Marie Louise, but it is generally supposed to have been a Polish lady * to whom he was attached. Mr. Douglas in the course of conversation two or three times mentioned the Empress, whom he had seen in Switzerland; but Bonaparte took no notice of it, and appeared anxious to avoid the subject.

ROMANCE.

A wayward, witching wonder-child is she,
Of Fancy and Imagination born,
Upon whose fearless features one may see
The ardours of the morn.

She claims a kinship with the adventurous airs
That down the paths of heaven range and race,
And with the reckless star that swiftly flares
Athwart the abyss of space.

Hers are the passionate impulses that run
At nesting-time from wing to shimmering wing,
That mount from root to bough-top when the sun
Loosens the sap in spring.

Her presence is reviving as the dews:
Her gaze has all the glamourie of truth:
She fills the veins, she thrills the flaccid thews
With ichor of lost youth.

Hearken!—her voice from tangled wood-ways blown,
As wildly sweet as an elusive bell:
How dull the listener's ear that doth not own
The splendour of her spell!

Clinton Scollard.

* Probably meant for Madame Walewska, though certainly not she.

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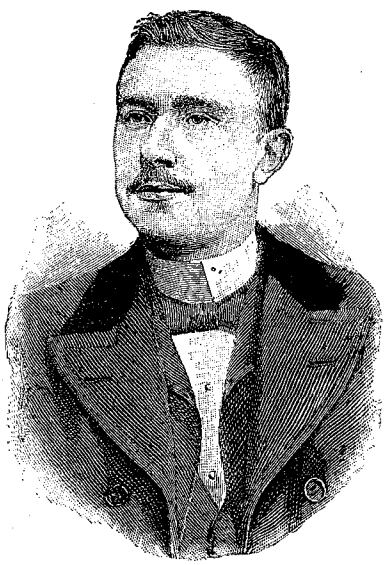
AN INTERVIEW WITH M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

By the Translator of Maeterlinck's "Ruysbroeck and the Mystics."

Before his recent departure from England, I had the pleasure of a short talk with M. Maurice Maeterlinck. His admirers might perhaps complain that he had made haste to leave them, and that during his four days' visit he had responded somewhat shyly to their eager welcome. Every one who met him was charmed with the modesty and simplicity of his bearing. His conversation does not show the least trace of literary



egoism. He has, indeed, been much surprised to find himself a lion. When I asked if he were satisfied with his reception in London, his answer was that it had far surpassed his expectations. "As if I were a famous man," he added, "instead of merely a beginner."

It is delightful to think that M. Maeterlinck's career is indeed only beginning, and that he has given us as yet but the first fruits of his genius. For the future he is full of plans and dreams. It would be difficult to find an author who lives more entirely in the world of imagination. Like his own Ruysbroeck, he might say, "I have no concerns outside." "What is there to tell about my life?" he protested. "It is the story of a man who works with pen and paper." Those who have heard him converse are haunted with his sense of the sadness of mortal things.

> "Et la tristesse de tout cela, mon âme, et la tristesse de tout cela,"

is the closing line of a poem in his volume of lyrics, and it expresses his deepest thoughts on human destiny. With his "dark, vague eyes and soft, abstracted air," he came among us like Arnold's wanderer, a guest half understood and too quickly gone.

M. Maeterlinck told me that he began to write as a schoolboy, and that he and two other friends had started a literary brotherhood. His parents wished him to be a barrister, but he never felt the smallest inclination for the law. "I could not be troubled about my own affairs; was it likely that I should care to manage other people's?" He read eagerly in French, German, and English literature. Very few foreigners have so intimate an acquaintance with Carlyle. Emerson is another favourite; in M. Maeterlinck's opinion he is by far the greatest of American writers. Rossetti and Swinburne are among his best-loved poets. Those who possess the first edition of his *Serres Chaudes*, a volume of lyrics published in 1889 by Léon Vanier in Paris, will remember that among other works mentioned on the title-page as "forthcoming," there is a book of *Notes sur les Préraphaelites*.

I asked M. Maeterlinck how he first came to study the mystics.

"I had always a taste for that kind of reading," he replied, "but it was stimulated by the discovery in the public library of Brussels of the ancient and curious Flemish manuscripts of Ruysbroeck. I see that Mr. William Sharp regrets that I did not make an anthology from the works of Ruysbroeck, instead of translating in full 'The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage.' It might perhaps have been better for me to do so, but I confess I felt that the complete

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work well deserved to be rescued from oblivion."

M. Maeterlinck went on to express great satisfaction that his essay on Ruysbroeck had been made known to English readers. His studies of the mystics are now an all-absorbing occupation. He is becoming tired of the drama as a medium of literary expression, for, as he says, it is difficult to keep out the element of love, and the colours must be laid on too thickly. *Grossier et vulgaire* is the phrase he used in speaking of the exigencies of the theatre, and those who are best acquainted with his marvellous dramas cannot but feel that they are too delicate and too subtle to be fully appreciated on the stage. *L'Intruse*, for instance, with its ghostly terrors and its softly stepping unseen visitant, cannot be well understood in a theatre between eleven and twelve at night, when the maunderings of the old man are half lost in the noise of people tramping out.

From what M. Maeterlinck told me of his forthcoming works, I gathered that he has no new plays in hand. "When I return to Belgium," he said, "I expect to find that my book on Novalis has appeared in my absence. It has been delayed too long, for I hoped to be able to send you a copy by the end of November; but now it is really on the point of publication. I am at present engaged in the study of the French mystics, especially of Claude de Saint Martin, who wrote, as you may remember, during the French Revolution, and whose works are a rich mine of treasure. I hope by the end of the summer to bring out a book of essays called *Le Trésor des Humbles*, in which I shall give appreciations of some of his writings. One or two of the essays are to appear beforehand in the *Nouvelle Revue*."

I inquired of M. Maeterlinck what, in his opinion, was the explanation of the revival of interest in the mystics which has taken place both in England and on the Continent during recent years.

"I think," he replied, "that we are living in one of the ages when the human soul awakes. There are such times, and they are to me the only really interesting periods of history. A new inspiration, a new activity becomes felt, not in one country, but all over the world. The ancient Egyptians had such awakenings; the mystics of the fourteenth century had their part in another and not less marvellous revival. In dull and self-conscious times the soul seems small, poor, and limited, but in the great ages of mysticism its powers and its resources are felt to be inexhaustible. Truths after which humanity was dimly groping are expressed by the mystics with unerring certainty."

We spoke next of his poetry, and the readers of *Serres Chaudes* will like to know that he is bringing out a little volume of "Songs" this year. He described it as "of slight importance," but his readers, I imagine, will form a different judgment.

"Have you any short unpublished piece you could give me for this article?" I suggested, and thereupon M. Maeterlinck took my note-book and wrote in it, from memory, the following five verses, which he called "A Song of Mélisande."

Mélisande, as my readers may remember, is the heroine of one of his plays; and the idea of the poet is to express the vague yearning with which a young girl might be supposed to crave after some as yet unknown delight. Here are the verses:

CHANSON DE MÉLISANDE.

Les trois sœurs aveugles
(Espérons encore),
Les trois sœurs aveugles
Ont leurs lampes d'or.

Montent à la tour
(Elles, vous et nous),
Montent à la tour,
Attendent sept jours.

Ah! dit la première
(Espérons encore),
Ah! dit la première
J'entends nos lumières.

Ah! dit la seconde
(Elles, vous et nous),
Ah! dit la seconde,
C'est le roi qui monte.

Non, dit la plus sainte
(Espérons encore),
Non, dit la plus sainte
Elles se sont éteintes.

The following is an exceedingly rough and literal translation:

The three sightless sisters
(Let hope not grow cold),
The three sightless sisters
Have each lamps of gold.

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They climb to the tower
(They, you, and we),
They climb to the tower;
There seven days they tarry.

"Ah," saith the first one
(Let hope still be near),
"Ah," saith the first one,
"'Tis our lamps I hear."

"Ah," saith the second
(They, you, and we),
"Ah," saith the second,
"Comes the King, maybe."

"No," saith the saintliest
(Hope without doubt),
"No," saith the saintliest,
"Our lamps are gone out."

M. Maeterlinck told me that he has no regular methods of work. Sometimes he makes rapid progress, at other times will spend whole days in meditation. Those who have learned to love his writings, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for the promise they give of

"Golden lilies of days to come"
("Lys jaunes des lendemains"),

must hope that he may yet become the historian of mysticism. No English or foreign writer is half so well equipped for the task. As we parted at the door of his hotel, he spoke of his admiration for Carlyle's essay on Novalis, and remarked that no Fleming had ever any difficulty in the study of German.

Jane T. Stoddart.

THREE GOOD THINGS.

"Bona in terrâ tria inveni—
Libros, Venerem, Vinum."

Three good things I've thanked the gods for—
Play, and love, and wine.
So by Tiber sang my poet;
Would the song were mine!

Yet methinks I would not turn it
Just the Roman way,
But for *ludum* say read *libros*,
Books are more than play!

Through the togaed Latin trembles
Laughter half divine;
Flash the dice beside the column;
Rosy flagons shine.

I, for gleams of yellow Tiber,
Down my garden way,
See a water blue and beaming
In the northern day;

Ovid, Meleager, Omar,
In the orchard shade,
With a jug that gurgles gently,
And a white-armed maid.

Three good things I thank the gods for—
Books, and love, and wine!
So, my Poet, singing later,
Would have run *your* line!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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LONDON LETTER.

The Literary Agent.

During the last ten years or so the literary agent has become a most prominent and potent figure in the world of letters. In fact, it is not too much to say that he has revolutionised it. Some twenty years ago Mr. A. P. Watt was engaged with Mr. A. Strahan, then almost at the head of the publishing trade, as reader of manuscripts. Mr. Strahan, who by the way is Mr. Watt's brother-in-law, did not maintain his position, and his shrewd and able coadjutor cast about for another field of labour. As a matter of friendship he disposed of a story by Dr. George Macdonald, and in this way the idea of a literary agency occurred to him. Since that time he has advanced by sure and rapid steps, until a very large part of the publishing business is done through his hands. Other agents have appeared in the field, but, compared with those of Mr. Watt, their transactions are not large. Mr. Watt has a thorough knowledge of the literary world and the publishing trade in all its branches. He has many of the leading authors on his books, and business naturally gravitates to him. It might be added, if it were necessary, that he is a man of much foresight, perseverance, and courage. Firm, yet invariably quiet and courteous, he is not daunted by rebuffs, and as he looks back upon his career he must see in it a succession of unquestionable triumphs, such as few men could have had the wit and strength to accomplish.

The first result of the literary agent's work has been a general rise in the prices paid to authors. No living author, it is true, receives the sums which were paid to writers like Charles Dickens and George Eliot, but it is hardly possible nowadays to rob an author of his or her fair share of profits. One of the most notable novels of this century was sold outright for £500. Seventeen years after the author's death the publisher's ledger showed that a profit had been realised by him of over £19,000. One of the most popular novelists of the present day sold the copyrights of her favourite books for about £50 each. She now receives for work which is not superior, and which may not sell so well, something like £2000. The agent takes care that his authors shall never sell a copyright. For a first book he may not be able to get a good royalty, still he sees that there is a royalty, so that in the event of an immense success the author has a share in it. With popular writers the royalty has been greatly increased—in fact, the selling of a popular author's book is something like an auction. The volume goes to the highest bidder, though the literary agent who knows his business does not give the last turn to the screw. He knows well enough that unless a publisher gets something for himself he will never take proper pains in pushing a book. While some of the older publishers contrive to get good six-shilling novels at a royalty of ten per cent, or a little more, others have been obliged to give a shilling on every copy, and where the writer is exceedingly popular, eighteen-pence. This latter sum would be paid to writers who can practically be sure that their books will sell—say, 20,000 copies.

A great stimulus to the literary agent was given by the Authors Society. The whole burden of Mr. Besant's writing in the publications of that association was the incompetence of authors to transact their own business, and the readiness of many publishers to cheat. As the result a feeling of distrust was stimulated, and the advice invariably given was in many instances taken—do not transact your own business with a publisher, but let an agent manage everything for you.

Another impulse to the literary agency was the Copyright Act with America. Authors who contrived to transact business with their own publishers at home found themselves utterly confused and baffled when they had to deal with America. They did not know where to take their wares, they could not tell what terms would be reasonable, and, above all, they could not enforce payment. The English literary world still remembers well an American gentleman who made many purchases in this country. He paid very little in advance, as a rule, but his royalties were calculated on the most liberal scale. The result

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was, as a rule, bitter disappointment. One novel which is said to have sold 50,000 copies in America has up to the present hour returned to the writer exactly £25. Here the literary agent has proved invaluable, and it is difficult to see how his aid can be dispensed with. I cannot understand, for my part, why no one in America establishes an agency for English publishers and authors. A man of Mr. Watt's type might do a great business there in arranging for the publication of books and in collecting royalties. Then there is something to be had from other countries for serial fiction. An Australian paper will pay as much as £150 for the right to use a good story, and I believe in India sales can also be effected. The literary agent takes the whole management of an author's affairs into his hands. While he will not refuse to transact occasional business, he much prefers that the author should never deal directly with any editor or any publisher, and he likes an engagement to be made for a term of years.

Naturally enough the publishers did not take well to the literary agent, and even yet many of them are strongly opposed to doing business with him. But they cannot well help themselves. Rudyard Kipling, for example, sells everything through his agent, and if a publisher refuses to deal with an agent, that means simply that he can have no transactions with Mr. Kipling. The same thing applies to other authors equally well known. The case of publishers is simple enough. They say that personal friendship between them and their authors is destroyed, and that part of the money which ought to be divided between author and publisher goes to a middleman. For example, suppose an author taking a novel direct to a publisher receives an offer of £450. Suppose he is dissatisfied, and takes the book to an agent. The agent, let us say, takes it to another publisher and sells it for £500. The author, however, does not receive £500; the agent's ten per cent—£50—has to be deducted. Secondly, the author receives what the first publisher offered him. The second publisher pays £50 more, and that £50 goes into the pockets of the agent. Would it not, it is asked, be more satisfactory if the first publisher had paid the author, say, £460? It is, therefore, urged that no one has anything to gain from the literary agent. If he offers you anything, you are sure that he asks for it the maximum price, and that there is no possible profit. But I find that these objections are gradually disappearing in many quarters. I know of publishers who actually prefer to arrange the business matters with an agent, and to cultivate the author's friendship on a footing undisturbed by such things. Besides, it is perhaps safer, sounder, and surer business to publish a book which will yield a small but certain profit, and will have a very large circulation, than to publish at a small royalty a work which may turn out a complete failure.

I do not think, as a rule, that unknown authors gain much by going to a literary agent, and indeed I doubt whether the agent cares much for them. The prejudice against interference is still strong, and a manuscript has more chance perhaps to be read and fairly considered if it is sent direct by the author. I also think that, as things are at present, no author should bind himself to sell all his work through an agent. The agent will undertake willingly enough what is put in his hands, and it is wise to reserve the liberty to deal directly in cases where this is advisable. Why should an author shut the door upon himself in any quarter?

As a rule, the literary agent's charge is ten per cent upon an author's receipts, diminishing in certain cases to six per cent. Obviously enough, if the business is large, the calling is most lucrative. Next to no capital is required, there are no losses, the expenses of conducting an office are very small. When a transaction is completed, it continues to yield a result for years and years. The most profitable transactions are the easiest. To sell the books of a popular novelist is not hard, and the lucky man of business enjoys a royalty upon every copy of said books sold during the whole period of copyright. It is obvious that as years go on his income keeps continually mounting up, because he has not only the gains of new business, but the gradual accumulations of the past, and every popular book of the period which has passed through his hands pays toll to him. I know one novelist whose income next year will be very little if at all under £10,000. In

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return for transacting his business, the literary agent receives the handsome sum of nearly £1000, and his clients, it must be remembered, are very numerous. No losses have to be set against these gains.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, April 23d, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

M. Catulle Mendès is now nursing a good sword-wound in his right arm, which he received from M. Jules Huret, the able *Figaro* journalist, in the duel which was fought recently. The reason of the quarrel was that M. Huret had spoken of Mendès as being, with Marcel Schwob and Jean Lorrain, one of the "familiars" of Mr. Oscar Wilde when he was in Paris. Mendès answered by calling Huret a liar and a fool, and as a natural consequence a duel ensued. I think that Huret was mistaken about Mendès, for I never heard of his even having met Oscar Wilde. Marcel Schwob, on the other hand, who is now deserting my unhappy friend, was most certainly on very intimate terms with him, and at that time was proud to describe himself as Wilde's friend and admirer. Things have changed since then, and now Marcel Schwob is challenging Huret for making a statement which is true in every respect. Jean Lorrain has also written to deny Huret's statement, and writes a most gentlemanly and sympathetic letter to say that he only met Wilde twice in Paris, and that so charmed was he with his society that he regretted that indeed he had not been one of his familiars, as Huret expressed it. For my part, I am glad of this opportunity to say that I have known Wilde as a friend for over twelve years; that I owe him more than I can ever hope to repay, and that during all these years I have never seen anything in his conduct to make him forfeit my affection and respect.

People in Paris are talking much about Mr. George Moore's refusal to fight a duel with Mr. Whistler, and I am sorry to say that Mr. Moore's conduct is being blamed. Certainly the reasons which he gave for refusing the artist's seconds were not very good ones. When one man challenges another, he does so at his own risk and peril, and it is not open to the person challenged to decline the encounter on the ground of his possessing superior physical advantages over his would-be adversary. Mr. Moore's best answer would have been, that he is an Englishman living in England, and that in England duelling is looked on by the law as a crime and by public opinion as folly, and that his respect both for his English law and English public opinion prevented him from giving Mr. Whistler the satisfaction he demanded.

In the case of an Englishman living permanently in France, matters are quite different. Such a man if challenged has no option but to go out, however much he may disapprove of the practice, however much his common sense may revolt against such a method of adjusting a quarrel. To refuse to fight on the grounds mentioned above would be to brand himself in the eyes of French society as a coward. In Rome one must do even as the Romans. An English journalist resident in Paris is, especially, in this respect, in an awkward position, for whatever may be his private opinion about the *duello*, he is bound to go out when challenged. The alternative would be to forfeit all standing among his French *confrères*.

M. Alphonse Daudet leaves for England on May 6th. He will be accompanied by his family and one or two well-known writers. He has had to decline various offers of hospitality which have been made to him, the state of his health being decidedly unsatisfactory.

Léon Daudet is bringing out a new novel, entitled *Kamtchatka*. This book will appear in June It is a fighting book, and Léon tells me about it, "In this book I ridicule snobs of every description, literary, political, and artistic, anarchists in evening dress, the *précieux ridicules* of the small reviews, the symbolards, and all the rest of them." Léon Daudet seems to love fighting. I am afraid he will make himself many ene-

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mies, but, fortunately, he does not mind them. His uncle, Ernest Daudet, who is one of the most indefatigable workers in France, has two books in preparation. One is entitled *La Police et les Chouans, sous le Consulat et l'Empire*, an historical work which ought to be very interesting. This will be published by Messrs. Plon and Nourrit, toward the end of June. In the mean while, Ollendorff will publish M. Ernest Daudet's new novel, *Un Amour de Barras*, which, as the title implies, deals with the French Revolution.

It is with much pleasure that the many admirers of M. Mirbeau have heard that it is his intention to publish, at an early date, those *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre ;* or, to give the book its real title, his *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre*, which appeared serially some time ago in one of the boulevard papers. This is one of the cleverest studies of life, in a certain phase, that has ever come under my notice, and the analysis of the woman's character is a most powerful piece of work. M. Octave Mirbeau is, to my thinking, the foremost writer in France, and one looks to him for great things in the future.

Everybody connected with literature in France deplored the death, at the early age of fifty-two, of M. Plon, the publisher, of the well-known firm of Plon, Nourrit et Cie., in the Rue Garancière. M. Plon was one of the most courteous of men, and could refuse a manuscript in such a manner that the would-be author would go away absolutely delighted with the result of his visit. M. Plon was a man of very extraordinary appearance, for though perfectly bald, he always refused to wear a wig, and was clean-shaven withal. He pinned his faith as a publisher to historical works and memoirs rather than to novels, and made a very great success in this branch of publishing. All the best historical works published during recent years in France were issued from the Rue Garancière, and especially complete is the catalogue of Messrs. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. in works dealing with the French Revolution.

The Napoleon craze seems to flourish More and more books on the subject and on the period are appearing. One has not space to mention them. And more are promised for the coming month. A volume which should be of some interest is the promised collection of the letters of Baron de Menéval, who was private secretary to Napoleon for eleven years, and whose Memoirs, dealing with the memory of his master in a tone of the most servile adulation, were published in London about a year ago. Menéval must have possessed some very interesting letters from the Emperor, and these, I presume, will be included in the forthcoming collection. If the letters are in any way as amusing and interesting as the Memoirs, the book should have a very good reception from the reading public.

Madame Sarah Grand is in Paris, and proposes to remain here for some weeks. She is studying life in certain phases here, but for the nonce has laid her pen aside. It is difficult to get Madame Grand to speak about literature in general, or about her literary plans and ambitions in particular, for she declares that she hates to talk "shop." This rather surprised me, as what in the world can writers talk about when together, if not about books? At Daudet's house, for instance, we never talk of anything else, and books, books, books are the only topics at M. de Goncourt's Sundays.

The number of would-be authors is a very large one in France. I remember speaking to the editor of a weekly paper here which publishes short stories. He declared to me that he had in stock over seven thousand manuscripts to be read, and that that number was increasing daily. A few days ago a man was arrested on the complaint of a great number of literary aspirants. He had founded a paper called the *Phare Littéraire*, and undertook to publish original contributions on receipt of payment of so much a column. The grievance of the people who laid the information against him, was that he took the so-much a column and never published the work. Indeed, the *Phare* only appeared on rare occasions. He confessed to the police-officers that he had made over two thousand pounds at this game in a few months.

Robert H. Sherard.

123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

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LITERARY LOGROLLING IN ANCIENT ROME.*

Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor, ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores,
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille,
Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poëtas ?
Carmina compono, hic elegos. "Mirabile visu
Caelatumque novem Musis opus !" Adspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem !
Mox etiam, si forte vacas, sequere et procul audi,
Quid ferat et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?
Quis nisi Callimachus ? Si plus adposcere visus,
Fit Mimnermus et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo et supplex populi suffragia capto ;
Idem, finitis studiis et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

[The same, Englished.]

Two Romans, counsellor and pleader, went
Through life on terms of mutual compliment ;
One called the other Gracchus, he supposed
His brother Mucius ; so they praised and prosed.

Our bards to-day the selfsame madness goads :
My friend writes elegies, and I write odes.
O how we puff each other ! "'Tis divine !
The Muses had a hand in every line."
Remark our swagger as we pass the dome
Built to receive the future bards of Rome ;
Then follow us and see the fame we make,
How each by turn awards and takes the cake.
Like Samnite fencers with elaborate art,
We hit in tierce to be hit back in quart.
I'm dubbed Alcaeus, and retire in force :
And who is he ? Callimachus of course !
If this seem feeble, then I bid him rise
Mimnermus, and he swells to twice his size.
Writing myself, I'm tortured to appease
Those wasp-like creatures, our poetic bees ;
But when my pen's laid down, my sense restored,
I rest from boring and from being bored.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

* Hor. *Epist.* ii. 2, 87 foll.

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NEW BOOKS.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

Mr. Stephen Crane is the Aubrey Beardsley of poetry. When one first takes up his little book of verse and notes the quite too Beardsleyesque splash of black upon its staring white boards, and then on opening it discovers that the "lines" are printed wholly in capitals, and that they are unrhymed and destitute of what most poets regard as rhythm, the general impression is of a writer who is bidding for renown wholly on the basis of his eccentricity. But just as Mr. Beardsley with all his absurdities is none the less a master of black and white, so Mr. Crane is a true poet whose verse, long after the eccentricity of its form has worn off, fascinates us and forbids us to lay the volume down until the last line has been read. Even in the most fantastic of his conceits there are readily to be found a thought and a meaning. In fact, if Walt Whitman had been caught young and subjected to æsthetic influences, it is likely that he would have mellowed his barbaric yawp to some such note as that which sounds in the poems that are now before us. A few examples of Mr. Crane's manner may serve at once as an illustration and as a diversion to those who have not yet made his acquaintance. Mr. Crane will perhaps pardon us if we neglect to display his lines in the capital letters that he appears to love.

The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Crane's treatment of things religious —or as one might more truly say, of things dogmatic :

"Two or three angels
Came near to the earth.
They saw a fat church.
Little black streams of people
Came and went in continually.
And the angels were puzzled
To know why the people went thus,
And why they stayed so long within."

Here is a good instance of his allegorical way of giving new expression to philosophic truths or truisms :

"I saw a man pursuing the horizon ;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this ;
I accosted the man.
'It is futile,' I said,
'You can never—'

"'You lie,' he cried,
And ran on."

Very few of his poems sound the note of love ; and when they do, there is always something gloomy or unhappy either in the main thought or in the accompanying suggestions. This short poem is sufficiently typical of the rest :

"Should the wide world roll away,
Leaving black terror,
Limitless night,
Nor God, nor man, nor place to stand
Would be to me essential,
If thou and thy white arms were there,
And the fall to doom a long way."

Here is an example of his weirdness :

"Many red devils ran from my heart,
And out upon the page.
They were so tiny
The pen could mash them,
And many struggled in the ink.
It was strange to write in this red muck
Of things from my heart."

On the whole, Mr. Crane's work has traces of *Entartung*, but he is by no means a decadent, but rather a bold—sometimes too bold—original, and powerful writer of eccentric verse, skeptical, pessimistic, often cynical ; and one who stimulates thought because he himself thinks. It is no exaggeration to say that the small volume that bears his name is the most notable contribution to literature to which the present year has given birth.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Beeching are both excellent examples of the great technical perfection to which so many modern writers of verse attain—an excellence that to earlier generations would have seemed marvellous. Their mood

* The Black Rider, and Other Lines. By Stephen Crane. Boston : Copeland & Day. $1.00.

The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

In a Garden, and Other Poems. By H. C. Beeching. New York : Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

The Inevitable, and Other Poems. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 00.

In the Garden, and Other Poems. By Emily Elizabeth Veeder. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.

Poems and Later Poems. By Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D. New York : T. Whittaker. $1.25.

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and manner are very much alike, and each is fond of themes drawn from the study of the classics. If there were not so many other poets whose excellence is just as great, we should give them high praise for their melodious measures, their bits of picturesque phrasing, the sincerity of their sentiment, and the *curiosa felicitas* of their language. Yet truer every day is the half lament, "All may have the flower now, for all have got the seed." To rise above the level of the minor poets something more than these very desirable qualities is necessary—that indescribable something which Sir Joshua Reynolds could only denote by a despairing snap of the fingers. And this unknown quantity is, more's the pity, not discoverable in the verse of Mr. Rogers and of Mr. Beeching.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton has also a good deal of metrical skill, though very much less than the gentlemen just mentioned. When she is writing of Giorgione, and the battle of Cuzzola, and Arghun Khan (who was Arghun Khan, by the way, and what does Mrs. Bolton know about him?), and Khatun Bulughan (!), our poetess is quite out of her *milieu* and might far better be making pies; but when she writes simply and naturally of the life she has lived herself and really knows, of the chestnut-gathering, and the New England coast, and the homely tasks of the household, she is very well worth reading indeed. One poem in particular, with a very human note, and entitled "From Life," deserves more than a passing mention. It is simply, almost crudely, expressed, yet it has the true feeling in it and tugs hard at the heartstrings.

Mrs. Veeder's volume is to be especially noted as one of the most exquisite bits of bookbinding that have come from the American press this year. So delicate and dainty is the appearance of the book, that for its sake the reviewer will refrain from any comment upon the rhymes which it contains—a piece of forbearance which the reader may estimate at its proper value by reading the following stanza which is quoted from the—well, let us say poem on "The Rain":

"Digging the gullies
Around in the grasses,
It truly belongs
To the working classes."

The Rev. Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D., prefixes to his collection of verses a biographical sketch of himself, which originally appeared in the *University Magazine*, and which was probably inserted by that enterprising publication at the usual rates—fifteen dollars it used to be, a year or two ago. From this sketch we learn that Dr. Flagg "came naturally by his abilities," that he "has travelled extensively," that he was once "spoken of for Bishop of Texas," that he was chaplain of the Ninth Regiment N.G.S.N.Y., and preached the funeral sermon over Colonel James Fiske (*sic*); and that Colonel James Fiske (*sic*) "once told his private secretary that his purpose was to erect for the Doctor ultimately as handsome a church as could be found in the city of New York." The Doctor "from early youth has been a favourite of the Muse," and has written a large number of poems, "all of which show not only a musical spirit, but a decided originality and versatility." It is pleasant to know these circumstances, and they are hereby culled out and restated for the benefit of the literary world. They are undoubtedly true, for the Doctor, by printing them in his own book, guarantees them and makes them his own. Having done so, any comment on the poems themselves is rendered unnecessary, and it only remains to quote a few stanzas to satisfy the reader's natural yearning for originality and versatility.

"The first bear I ever met in the Adirondacks
Had such a paw
And such a jaw
As did my courage sorely tax."

There is a lilt and rhythmic pulsation in that first line, such as can be found nowhere else in modern verse outside of the lyrics of Bloodgood H. Cutter of Long Island.

The following is from a somewhat lengthy poem on the Prodigal Son:

"To drown remorse he quaffed the bowl,
While imps shrieked through the air,
As reason fled beyond control,
Uprose a lurid glare;
And when deep tolled the midnight bell,
Before him yawned avenging hell."

Dr. Flagg has naturally a professional interest in imps, as another verse of his testifies:

"See entire nations bowing
Dancing round the golden calf,
With their best the god endowing,
While complacent demons laugh."

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"Complacent demons" is good. The reader may be tempted to wonder whether the complacency of these demons was not more or less enhanced about the time that Colonel James Fiske (*sic*) had the little conversation with his private secretary that is recorded above.

Harry Thurston Peck.

OLD PICTURES OF LIFE.*

David Swing was a man of brains and a scholar; but it was not for his intellect or his erudition that those who knew him loved and honoured him most. It was for the universal kindliness of his heart and his broad, wholesome, human sympathy—a kindliness and a sympathy which not only included all men and women and children who thought or loved or talked, but extended to every animal and thing that walked or crawled or swam or sang or blossomed.

He was, as has been said, a scholar; and a large part of the essays collected in these two volumes deal with scholars' subjects—with the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, with Demosthenes and with Vergil, with Dante, with Cordelia and Antigone. Never, however, did scholarship show itself less scholastic or more free from pedantry. His acquaintance with the classics was an every-day, fireside, easy-slipper familiarity. He liked the company of the old writers for the sake of their odd personalities and for the interest which he felt in whatever they had to tell him about the men and women of their days. For the manner of their speech, except only in its broad characteristics, he cared little. Homer was to him as a "dear old friend" of "childlike simplicity." Socrates he delighted in for a "jolly fellow, . . . as simple as Selkirk in his island or as Thoreau in the woods, but ten times as amiable as Carlyle or Judge Jeffreys." He welcomed Vergil as "a Roman gentleman, . . . a visiting guest from an older nation which we all profoundly respect." What attracted him to Demosthenes, far more than the virility of his diction, was the resemblance which he saw between the ambitions and ideals of the last Greek orator, filled with the vision of an independent and united Greece, and the ambitions and ideals (more fortunate in their issue) of our own forefathers of Revolutionary days.

"Greece," he says in one place, "lies very near indeed to us." And again, "Greece was, in reality, our mother, while England was only a kind and wise stepmother." He loved to reach across the waste of the submerged centuries, to walk with the Greek men and women, and to learn what they did and how they thought and whom they loved. The *Odyssey* appeared to him partly as a wonder-tale—a glorified Jack-and-the-Beanstalk; but, secondly (and perhaps more), for what it tells of the ways and manners of three thousand years ago.

"It is with pleasure we note that a fashionable dress was fastened about the bosom with twelve gold buckles; that some of the wives wore veils; that to make iron hard it was heated red-hot and then dipped into cold water; that even princesses helped to wash the most ornamental articles of apparel; that they put the washing into a cart and drove to a far-off creek or river, and did the washing off in the wilds; that while the clothes were drying the ladies played ball on the clean grass, having first flung down their sunbonnets; that sulphur was burned to purify infected houses; that a stranger should be offered the best chair and be treated as a person of great merit; that men need the help of the gods."

"Modern beauty is linked by a gold chain to old beauty," and to David Swing the beauty of all times and ages was one and equally to be desired—the beauty of Sappho's rosy cheeks or Antigone's filial heroism, of the burning exhortations of Demosthenes, or of the doctrines of the Humane Society of the present day. As in his life he was helpful and kindly to every one who crossed his path, to men and to children and to horses and to dogs; so no one can read these essays, with their tender touch and the genial glow that is over them, without being the better for it. To offer the best chair to a stranger was his instinct; to accept whatever and whoever arrived as best, until proved otherwise. He had to the full Charles Kingsley's love of the world and of all that it holds not altogether bad.

* Old Pictures of Life. By David Swing. With an Introduction by Franklin H. Head. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $2.00.

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The only persons against whom in these pages any sustained or persistent hostility is shown are clergymen, by whom he means the narrower denominational preachers.

"If the clergyman ever has an assurance of faith, it is on this point—that if the whole world were brought before his pulpit every Sunday morning, it would need very little of the novel, of the newspaper or the magazine, for does he not know it all? and so cheap!" "As the Dutchman asks, 'How many glasses can I drink without imperilling health and the peace of my family?' so the clergyman asks, 'How many sermons can I preach without dying and without killing the congregation?'"

"Dogmatic Theology," David Swing maintained, "is no part of literature." To him the Church (the "enlarged Church") was "the earthly administrator of a celestial kindness." "The old kingdom of worship," he wrote elsewhere, "but opened to admit the kingdom of benevolence." He had no patience with those who, "through some narrowness of Theology, have become stationary, sickly, scum-covered." But even in this one country there was no personal bitterness against the individual for what he was (or still less for anything which he might have said or done against Professor Swing), but only a generic regret for the loss to the world by what he failed to be.

It is not necessary to go the whole length with Mr. Head in his preface when he asserts that from "Swing's sermons" some loving hand will sometime compile an anthology rivalling that by Shakespeare, Franklin, or Emerson." It is enough that in his life David Swing had a most lovable personality, wherein wit and wisdom and tenderness and poetry were combined, and that in these essays that personality is reflected.

The volumes themselves, in paper and binding and press-work, are well and daintily put out. They fail only in a lack of care (or what would rather seem to be a lack of scholarship) in the proof-reading. It is not well, when quoting passages from Demosthenes in the Greek, to make typographical errors; nor to speak of a "bucolica;" nor to let Pallas Athene appear as two persons, with a comma between.

Harry Perry Robinson.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.*

The two dominating forces in present-day literature are pressed sorely on our serious attention again by two new arrivals in fiction. We have learned what to expect from Mrs. Craigie, although her new novel deepens and saddens the impression anticipated by this expectation; but in Max Pemberton we have received a delightful surprise. Dissimilar in method and material, they are still farther apart from each other in point of view and treatment of life. *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* is a very probable, very life-like, and very disagreeable story; *The Impregnable City* is quite improbable, in externals strange, yet true to the motives and passions that eternally sway men and women, and fills the reader with a delicious sense of wonder and a thrill which leaves that happy individual in a condition of serene pleasure and satisfaction when he comes to its close.

"It should be the purpose of all good craftsmen," said the late John Addington Symonds, "not to weaken, but to fortify; not to dispirit and depress, but to exalt and animate." What is to be said, then, for one who purposely makes the tragic destiny of her hero and heroine turn on the coquetries of a harlot who is seductively introduced to us under the guise of innocence, so that our sympathies shall have been first won over to her before we come into the full knowledge of her *bourgeois*-sin? Surely the dreary repetition of all the sickening data of life, already too well comprehended by a sorrowing humanity, is needless, fruitless for either the uses of time or eternity. The greater need, as one has said, is an induction in a mood which rises superior to these antinomies, bracing men for hopeful, manly work and loving worship. True to life, vividly naturalistic this book of Mrs. Craigie's may be; but does the knowledge subserve any good purpose? The bitterness, the cynicism, the morbidness of modern life are reflected with a certain and sure touch known to those who have felt its baleful breath. Anne Passer,

* The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Impregnable City. A Romance. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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"the adulterous woman," is the only character in the book who really seems to forget herself and find full pleasure in mere living. To make a hero and a modern martyr of Simon Warre it is necessary to put him through his whining moods and tenses in front of the footlights. "If it be necessary nowadays," Stevenson once remarked, "to have a great deal of puling over the circumstances in which we are placed, in Heaven's name let it be done off the scenes, not in the presence of the audience." Lord Wickenham is top-loftily dignified and morose, and struts the stage as one of the lords of creation. He mends somewhat or deteriorates—it is difficult to tell—toward the end. Allegra is a rather tender *spirituelle* creation, stirring our imagination and winning our liking; but we see too little of her and too much of her sister in the flesh—"Allegra was an innocent Anne; Anne was a vicious Allegra"—which smart saying goes to show that Mrs. Craigie is still addicted to her inveterate habit of epigrammatising, also to her love of the fine phrase beyond all things. We do not commend Anne Passer for her animal enjoyment of existence, but what we note is that she alone—upon whose conscience there rests no moral tension—of the motley crowd of "mortals" seems to be capable of happy self-abandonment. Now, the world does in part lie in shadow, and life may be in some quarters as Mrs. Craigie depicts it; but it is not the sort of life that we want to live or that we want our sons and daughters to live. If these things she chooses to write of are so, we wish at least to imagine a better state of things; we have our ideals. There is a more wholesome, saner world, and we elect to have its joys and hopes and agonies presented to our imagination. Mrs. Craigie has written a clever book, some of her characters are typically hit off to the life, and a constant shower of epigrammatic fireworks and harsh mirth, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, gives a meretricious brilliancy to her style; but all the same it is bad art, and carries with it its own condemnation in time.

The story of an impregnable city set upon an unknown island rock discovered in the Southern Pacific by a count who has evidently been patterned on Count Tolstoy, seems to afford little scope for romantic material. But since reading that most improbable of stories, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, we have found none so deliciously improbable, yet so convincing and realistic in its vigorous and rapid movement, its exciting adventure and thrilling tale of tender passion, as *The Impregnable City*. The whole conception of the romance is bathed in the light of a glorious imagination, and the superabundantly healthful tone and irresistible rejuvenescence of the tale-teller have a most exhilarating and bracing effect. The reader is carried along with breathless haste from one scene to another, and the strong interest of the tale never once flags until the *dénouement* is reached in the final chapter. Irwin Trevena, like Rudolph Rassendyll, recounts his own story—"the story of a life; the story of an unknown city; the story of men who dreamed dreams; the story of mercy and of death, of darkness and of light, of order and of chaos." How Dr. Trevena is kidnapped from his rooms in Wellbeck Street, London, and carried to the mysterious island with its marvellous setting in the southern seas; its strange government and stranger denizens; the novel yet ever old drama enacted on its citadel, with which it challenges the civilised nations of the world—how all this is conceived as happening some five or six years ago, with a verisimilitude of actual history that begets belief in its existence, may seem passing strange, but is nevertheless realised by Max Pemberton with a wonderful mastery and skill that proves him worthy to be ranked among the young school of romantic writers. More wonderful still is the fact that we are not conscious of any imitation. We are reminded of Anthony Hope's *chef d'œuvre* and of Stevenson's morose fanatic and his island home, more by the likeness of the story to the method of the first, which is a mere coincidence, and by the religious fanaticism which is characteristic of both Count Andrea and Attwater; the conception of the story and its play of human passion with circumstance is wholly original. It does not seem unwarrantable to predict that in a short time everybody will be reading *The Impregnable City*; so rare a piece of fiction is sure of universal acceptance.

James MacArthur.

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TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.*

Every book that contributes to the sum of truth in the world ought to be welcome. Most works dealing with Russia are repositories of curiously-masked fictions engendered by prejudice and ignorance, some of them venerable with age, some of them fine examples of reincarnated lies. A series of articles, recently given publicity through a syndicate, purporting to relate the experiences of a certain, or rather a very uncertain Lady Isabel Stewart, most ludicrously illustrated the varied assortment of misinformation which the average superficial tourist may be expected to bring away from the land of the Tsar. Now Miss Hapgood's *Russian Rambles* ought to be welcome. She acknowledges that she "imported into Russia, untaxed, undiscovered by the custom-house officials, a goodly stock of misadvice, misinformation, apprehensions, and prejudices;" but she had some preliminary knowledge of Russian, unusual keenness of observation, and a superabundant audacity which, according to her own confession, acquired for her "the nickname among the natives, *molodyetz*—that is to say, a dashing, enterprising young fellow, the feminine form of the word being non-existent." In her encounters with custom-house officers, post-office officials, press-censors, and *chinovniks* of every sort she invariably came out first best. Even the cab-drivers seem to have acquired a wholesome awe of this energetic, clever *Amerikanka* with her astounding independence, shrewdness, and display of knowledge.

Her book consists of a baker's dozen of articles reprinted from various periodicals. The title very well expresses the book. She does not attempt to co-ordinate or classify the information which she gives with lavish hand, nor does she philosophise on history, politics, literature, sociology, or any of the great questions which agitate the Russia of to-day. She does not imitate Georg Brandes in covering the whole field of Russia with a brilliant veneering of impressions; with the exception of her two chapters relating her acquaintance with Count Tolstoy and her visit at Yasnaya Polyana, the Count's country home, she does not exploit her acquaintance with celebrities. Even in her report of conversations with Count Tolstoy, she gives her own clever arguments at greater length than his, and she lets it be clearly understood that the Count was more than once converted from the error of his ideas by the overmastering logic of hers. The author's personality, whether frankly expressed under the first person singular or half hidden under the imperial "we," dominates the book.

In her first chapter she chats entertainingly of passports and the mistaken notions that have obtained in regard to them as an *open sesame;* she incidentally corrects many prevalent errors regarding the stringency of police surveillance. The third article shows how easily she obtained prohibited literature from the very claws of the much-dreaded censor. The fourth illustrates some of the wiles of the canny Russian merchant and the methods to be observed—or which Miss Hapgood successfully observed—in dealing with him. This chapter has valuable information concerning various kinds of furs. Scattered throughout the book are multitudes of curious facts relating to the dress of the peasants, to the distinctively Russian ways of preparing food, and to hosts of other topics, which even if of no very great importance, are important enough to deserve accuracy of detail. Many are such as only a woman's eye would be likely to observe.

In the second chapter is a lively and semi-historical description of the Nevsky Prospekt in Saint Petersburg, with its kaleidoscopic varieties of strange and picturesque life. Miss Hapgood spent some weeks at Tsarkoe Selo, which is one of the summer resorts near the capital, and here again she was enabled to observe the Russians under the most favourable conditions. She gives a graphic account of the holy city of Kief on the Dnieper, and the wonderful monastery of the Catacombs, which is one of its "sights." Then she describes a voyage down the mighty "Mother Volga," on her way to the distant estate of Prince X., who gave her a vision of bears and the opportunity to inspect a genuine Russian kumys cure. This journey included a visit to the great Fair at Nizhni Novgorod.

For the sake of those unfamiliar with Russian pronunciation the author places graphic accents on the words and names

* Russian Rambles. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

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that she uses, but she is not always consistent in applying them. Surely it is absurd to quote the celebrated saying of Napoleon regarding Russians and Tartars and spell the word Tatárs. Neither is Miss Hapgood consistent in her transliteration of Russian words. The same Russian character stands for her *shtsch* and her *stch*—that unfortunate character which is responsible for so many current jests about sneezing. Less important is her uncertainty whether to use the Russian or the English plural to such words as *izvoshchik* and *dvornik*. Again, she speaks of *ikóni* and *izbúi*. Her English style is easy and often careless. Here are one or two examples:

"As an offset to my anecdotes about our being lost through inability to riddle out our name on the part of the police. . . ." "Here and there, not very far away, a log-house may even be espied. . . ." "It is one of those things at which one smiles or fumes, according to the force of the instinct with which he has been blessed—or cursed—by nature. . . ." "Really good specimens [of pears], however, come from Poland, the lower Volga, Little Russia, and other distant points which renders them always rather dear. . . ."

Misuse of the relative pronoun "which" is responsible for most of the obscure passages in Miss Hapgood's generally facile style. But in a book which is for the most part so lively and entertaining, so crowded with pleasant anecdotes and agreeably imparted information, the outcome of genuine observation, it seems invidious to pick out flaws so insignificant. Within its comparatively narrow limits her *Rambles* is by all odds the best book on Russia that has been produced in many a long day, and may be safely recommended as a wholesome antidote to the poisonous trash which so frequently does service for those curious about their nearest European neighbour. It is full of the genuine Russian flavour; there is not a dull page in it, and there are many passages that sparkle with honest Yankee wit.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS.*

The many readers who enjoyed that quaint and delicate bit of fiction entitled *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published about two years ago by the Messrs. Harper, will welcome the appearance of another story by the same author; while all lovers of tasteful bookmaking will appreciate the form in which the volume is given to the public, with its heavy, uncut leaves, its wide margins, and dainty binding.

In *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* Lilian Bell allies herself with that goodly company who are digging for treasure in the "local field," and, by the way, Miss Bell's story does not, as several critics have opined, invade the territory in which Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) has broken ground. Miss Murfree writes of the highlands of Eastern Tennessee, while Miss Bell has chosen the bottomlands of the west. Miss Bell has done well in giving to this uncharted desert a local habitation and a name in the literature of to-day. The poor whites of the lowlands are far rarer in fiction than are their brethren of the mountain districts, and while the two classes have certain traits in common, the environment is quite different, and naturally produces a distinct type. It is this fact which makes an introduction to the lowland whites, by one who knows them well, a matter of genuine interest to those who enjoy, as most of us do, the study of humanity in sections.

Their chronicler evidently does know them well, not only through association, but better still, through insight and sympathy. Moreover, she has the power of putting the reader completely in accord with these poor "Bottomites." Oddly enough, it is this very fact—making as it does the charm and strength of the book—which invites criticism. Since the author has the gift of true insight which enables her to make these poor lowland folk objects of interest, how unfortunate it is that she should select as her heroine a girl in no way typical of their character and ambitions. In the preface she says of her heroine: "In attempting to portray the character of Mag, I have been led by the cry of the inarticulate, of that large, not-to-be-ignored portion of humanity whose thoughts need an interpreter." Despite our sympathy with the "inarticulate," we must yet believe that the highest art lies in the sympathetic interpretation of typical character. Such interpretation requires, too, a much rarer and keener

* A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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insight than is demanded in the creation of exceptional men and women. That Lilian Bell has the power to invest with interest the rank and file of humanity, is clearly and delightfully proven by the vivid delineation of Mag's humble relatives and friends. We have often met in the world of romance the misunderstood but superior woman, while as for the popular preacher who is bowed down by some secret sin, his name in fiction is legion. It is a pity, therefore, that a writer, capable of creating Mag's father and mother, the gossips at "the store," and so delightful a rustic as Ralph, should have chosen these old acquaintances for her leading parts. We are a little surprised, too, to see Mag drop her dialect altogether under the influence of a few months' friendship with Camden, the preacher, who, by the way, is said to be an idealised portraiture of Dr. George C. Lorimer, late of Chicago and now of Boston, to whom the volume is dedicated.

From the hero and heroine we gladly turn to Mag's mother—a delightful creation, who would justify a novel in herself. Mag's mother is by far and away the best bit of character drawing in the book. Nothing could be better than the first visit of the preacher to Mag's home. Here flashes out most brightly that quaint humour which is one of the author's best gifts. The whole scene is so good, it is almost a pity to select parts:

"Company always did make Maw skittish," said Tobe, watching his wife with interest. . . .

"Hush your mouth, Tobe," answered Mrs. Manley, using the skirt of her gown to dust a chair with a coquetry worthy of a better cause. Mag stood by a motionless churn watching her mother's vivacious movements helplessly. Mrs. Manley sidled up to her with a playfulness quite irresistible.

"That's right, stand still and wish. You ain't got a bit of git up to you, Mag Manley!" . . .

"Mag ain't much on talkin'," said Mrs. Manley apologetically to her visitors. "She ain't much like me 'n her Paw any way you can fix it."

Another bright bit is the description of Mrs. Manley's toilet, made in honour of "protracted meeting." Upon being asked her opinion of it, Mag says:

"With that bonnet, Maw, seems like you ought to wear shoes."

"Git out, Miss Mag Manley," answered her mother, with an asperity born of the flaunting head-dress; "who all's goin' to look at my feet with thish yere head awn me?"

Throughout the volume such bits of humour bubble up spontaneously, and relieve a certain note of sadness which haunts the story; but in this chapter the humour fairly overflows. "The Protracted Meeting" is full of the most delicious humour, and the scene where Brother Tate discomfits Brother Green by pitching the tune from the open door just as his rival is clearing his throat to begin, is one of those rare touches which sends a thrill of unwonted pleasure through the reader, and indicates the hand of a master at work.

True dramatic instinct is also shown. Its finest example, perhaps, is the unexpected decision of the minister to go home with the rebellious, heart-broken Jeff. The scene in Jeff's cabin is full of strength and pathos. 'Lasses, whom we meet there, is a baby to love forever. What woman could withstand this picture of 'Lasses at meeting!

All the women loved to watch 'Lasses. They made inarticulate motherly sounds of endearment, and nudged their neighbours to look at her. And 'Lasses, feeling herself noticed, smiled peacefully at them over the back of the pew.

Praiseworthy in itself, *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* holds out promise of better things to come. It is not probable that the author will continue to keep her most lifelike creations in the background, nor that she will cling to a certain tendency to "fine" writing, which, for one instance, spoils the proposal in the book. Moreover, there is a strain of sentimentality noticeable in this story which cannot long run side by side with such fine humour and such wholesome appreciation of a good situation as are shown throughout the narrative.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

OUT OF THE EAST.*

The vague and misty charm of the languorous East rests almost too heavily on these latest recorded impressions of Lafcadio Hearn; for it is as an impressionist that we must take him, or, peradventure, we might fall out with him betimes, when his musings become tinctured with a vain philosophy, and his

* Out of the East. Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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strongly biased estimate of New Japan blinds his historical perspective, and pagan pride misconstrues Christian humility of character. We do not want to quarrel with one who has steeped our senses in forgetfulness and unloosed for a season the tense cord of life with such delectable things as are contained in "The Dream of a Summer Day," "Of the Eternal Feminine," "The Red Bridal," or "A Wish Fulfilled." But a word of protest must be entered against his serious arraignment of Christianity in Japan.

Lafcadio Hearn twice pays homage to Mr. Herbert Spencer in unqualified terms—once as "the world's greatest thinker," and again as "the world's greatest philosopher;" and he buttresses his argument against the introduction of Christianity into Japan, and, indeed, into any foreign country, with patches of philosophic statement from his favourite teacher. This at once explains his un-Christian attitude and his general *laisser faire* way of looking at all things Japanese. He is all for a conservatism in the government and life of that country, rooted in the traditions of the past, and hails with pleasure the recent retrogression among the people to the old, and their relapse from the new, currents of national life, simply because the old is their own peculiar possession and expresses their national individuality, while the new was an adoption and an assimilation of modern and occidental life, extraneous to Japanese custom and to the very root ideas of their notion of life. We cannot go into his plausible evidences against the progress or the practical utility of Christianity in Japan; his arguments are specious enough to be easily refuted by any one who conceives of the Christian religion rightly, and who does not place it alongside other beliefs as a mere superstition. It has been said with great truth that "the Church that first adopts for her intending missionaries the study of comparative religion as a substitute for subjects now taught will lead the van in the path of true progress." For it is on this platform that missionaries in the future will have to contend with the worldly philosophy of pessimism, which practically says, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." All religion, reasons Mr. Hearn, is a peculiar evolution of the whole ethical experience of a race—their idols are as good as yours, and are better adapted to the moral government of their life than yours could ever be. To those who are of a mind to take this chapter on "Jiujutsu" more seriously, we could not recommend a more authoritative book than Dr. Griffis's *Religions of Japan*, reviewed in the April BOOKMAN. The sympathetic spirit in which Dr. Griffis writes is a great recognition of the truth of Dr. Fairbairn's words, "Between fetichism and Christian faith there is a great distance, but a great affinity—the recognition of a supersensible life."

Lafcadio Hearn would better not have meddled with the "theological bias;" after all, he interests us chiefly by his wonderful emotional susceptibility to the life about him and the vivid power with which he can set forth the shapes that flit across his pages, "faint as old memories," but as poignant and redolent of melancholy delight. He is an artist, not a philosopher; a poet, and not a scribe; and he casts an unmistakable glamour over us when he weaves enchantment with his delicate brush, and all about us we feel the spell of poetry falling "like the thrilling of a ghostly web." To describe his work, you naturally drop into his own phrases; and to hear his name is like music telling of a song that bewitches men. With the artist and poet it is a land where it is always "luminous afternoon." You sink into reverie or nod with his mood; you watch the flashing of the dragon-flies, the infinite network of rice-field paths, the slowly shifting lines of lonely peaks in the horizon glow, and the changing shapes of white afloat in the blue above all. Suddenly and very softly a thought, a vision steals into the mind, and you feel the keen prick of pain as you find yourself face to face with some phase of the Universal Riddle, which has a strange fascination for all of us, as it has for the author.

"I gaze and dream and nod by turns." Yet as in our moments of dreaming and nodding we see the strange phantasmagoria of life take on new shapes and recreate new forms, so that in our waking we borrow from these crude fancies the conceptions of a larger, fuller, freer world: so in these reveries and studies we get a larger view and a richer colouring of the life of the Japanese, and marvellous pictures of the Orient lying in a

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glory of light float into fuller and clearer vision, brought at summons of the magician's wand "out of the East."

J. M.

RELIGIOUS AND DIDACTIC.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has added one more to the volumes on self-culture, whose name is legion. *Life-Power, or Character, Culture, and Conduct* (Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00) is no worse and no better than others included in this category; but as the old books pass away with the young generation they were written for, there is always room and to spare for the followers of their great modern prototype, Mr. Samuel Smiles, whose works on *Character*, *Self-Help*, *Thrift*, together with sundry notable biographies of self-made men, are a creditable monument to the untiring literary industry of a lifetime. Dr. Pierson discusses with a constant stream of illustration and biographical incident such topics, perennially interesting to youth, as "the elements and secrets of power," "the use and abuse of books," "the genius of industry," "the ethics of amusement," "the inspiration of ideals." His long practice with the prelectoral pen gives the author that facility in writing which places him at ease with his subject and makes his readers *con amore* with his treatment of it.

In *Civic Christianity*, by William Prall, S.T.D., Ph.D. (Thomas Whittaker, $1.00), the rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., has "touched upon the hem of several things" in a series of sermons which treats of the relation of Christianity to civic life. Some of these have already appeared in the periodical press, but they have been revised and enlarged for the present volume. They include such subjects as "Christ and the Multitudes," "The Alienation of the Masses," "The Sin of Gossip," "Good Citizenship," "The Cross the Resolvent of Difficulties;" in all there are twelve sermons. Dr. Prall does not mince matters, indeed, his outspoken and blunt manner of speech verges on intemperance at times, and jars on one's sense of things sacred, as when he says of some stories that have been gossiped about town in Detroit: "I hope to God that they are not true!" Let us do justice, however, to the timeliness of his straightforward statement on the necessity of a clean, moral government in civic affairs, which gives an honest and magniloquent ring to these platform utterances. Fine flashes of scorn and wit, as from a rough diamond, light up the dark places into which these researches enter, and there is plenty of fact for the hard-headed statistician as well as moral inspiration for the optimistic reformer.

Not so long ago Professor George D. Herron startled certain classes with a sermon on the message of the Gospel to the rich, which appeared in *The Christian Union*. Since then this able preacher has followed up his opportunity on several occasions, and now he publishes, through Messrs. Crowell and Company (price, 75 cents), *The Christian State: a Political Vision of Christ*, which is composed of a course of six lectures delivered in various American city churches. Professor Herron's manner is that of the pulpit; it is dogmatic, in the theological sense of the word, and not apologetic. He speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribes. His dignified moral earnestness, his strength of conviction and prophetic quality, with a fine thread of intellectual fibre running through all his religious enthusiasm, have invested that magnetic power in him which moves men mightily by voice and pen. His point of view in the present little work is that of a political and social learner of Christ. The author writes under a profound sense of divine compulsion; and with a great political faith in Christ, he appeals to those who look for the redemption of our nation and a juster civilisation through the leavening power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In this respect Professor Herron's "political vision of Christ" will supplement Professor Ely's *Social Aspects of Christianity*, published by the same firm, and will lend additional force to the study of sociology within the Church.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just published two little books *How We Rose* and *God's Light as it Came to Me*, both of the morbidly introspective order, which profess to treat of means to spiritual health, but which seem to us to be so tinctured with a diseased self-consciousness as to be spiritually unhealthy. Ruskin's plea that our age is too conscious of self already to allow the mind to brood over books that tend to medi-

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tative inwardness, and that a state of *mens sana* is only to be induced by books and things that take us out of ourselves, gains emphatic testimony in the useless publication of such books as these.

Of a more healthful tendency is a little volume of "studies of the outward as related to the inward life," by Marion D. Shutter, D.D. (Boston, James H. West). *A Child of Nature* leads the reader into the highways and hedges, and what preaching there is, is done by the wayside in the open air, so that the mind sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought is refreshed even as the dusty flowers smell sweet after the shower. Still one has to wade through long morasses of commonplace to get at the intermittent groves of coolness and delight. Few there be who can deny themselves the indulgence of moralising when the text is obvious. It is the commonest anodyne of passive souls who shrink from rough actual contact with the workaday world.

A book which we can highly recommend to studious readers of the Bible in the present time of unrest and of unsettled views regarding its inspiration and infallibility comes from the press of Thomas Whittaker. *The Breath of God* (price, 75 cents), by the Rev. Frank Hallam, is a historical, critical, and logical sketch of the doctrine of inspiration, which has many merits to commend it to those whose study of the Bible is limited to the Authorised or the Revised Version in English. Mr. Hallam is a keen exegete and scholar, and his numerous references on every page testify to his erudition and wide research among original sources. But with these he has a clear, vigorous style, and the literary form of his work is fresh and striking. There is a blending of common sense and ready satire in his handling of certain flimsy notions concerning biblical interpretation which lets light in upon a truth, and makes its significance more telling and clearer of comprehension. It gives evidence of the beneficial results to be derived from a sane and wholesome view of the important work which the Higher Criticism is doing, and to be convinced of this the fair-minded inquirer cannot do better than consult Mr. Hallam's interesting and helpful little volume.

Dr. William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, has contributed a notable volume to the study of social theology. *Outlines of Social Theology* (Macmillan and Company, $1.50) groups its discussion of the social movement in relation to Christianity under three heads: Theological, Anthropological and Sociological. The time has not come yet, Dr. Hyde holds, for anything more than theological skirmishing on the frontiers of sociology, but "a man may blaze a path even though he lacks the materials and the capacity to build a road." The present work is an attempt to foresee what the logical relations of the doctrines of theology will be when the Christian life shall have become more fully the embodiment of love. It is needless to add that Dr. Hyde has not failed by his intellectual acumen and spiritual insight to shed light on the trackless way whither social theology is tending. *M.*

NOVEL NOTES.

THE STORY OF CHRISTINE ROCHEFORT. By Helen Coate Prince. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Among recent works of fiction *The Story of Christine Rochefort* must take no second place. By its vivid and truthful picture of a provincial strike, and the fine balance which it casts between the evils of anarchism on one side and the sure if slow benefits to be derived from social amelioration on the other, the book affects the problematic questions uppermost in the minds of all thinking men at the present time. But while to some this will be a sufficient reason for reading this novel, there are others—a numerous company, indeed—who will frankly enjoy the story for its delicious romance and exquisite pictures of French provincial life. The *motif* of the novel is not to be found in the clash between capital and labour, but in the development of a sensitive and beautiful soul reaching out toward the realisation of the high dreams which took possession of the youth of Christine and burned in her pure young breast, all through the years of agonising and discordant strife

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between the inner ideal and the outward form. The character of Christine is excellently wrought of fine gold ; like a king's daughter, she is all glorious within and her beauty shines and lives in the pages, casting a glamour over us. She appeals to the imagination much more than does her husband, Gaston Rochefort, whose strong virility and manly love of justice act as a foil to the gradual unfolding of her nebulous unreasoning womanhood. The story of her married life, with its passionate love on her husband's part, met by respect and grateful affection on hers ; the advent of de Martel and her idealised love for him, then the discovery of the deeper, stronger love that was growing all the time in her loyal heart for her own true husband is delicately portrayed, and the interest in the trivialities of their domestic life, wedded with the social claims of their environment, is well sustained.

The issues of the story baffle our grasp and the kindly Nemesis that shall "create the love to reward the love" keeps in the background until on the last page —one of those memorable pages to us in fiction—Christine, standing under the great cedar against the golden sky, the sunset glory touching her hair, speaks the words we have been waiting for, "Gaston, I love you."

"Each one of us stands alone as far as our inward life goes. How surprised we should be to hear ourselves described by those who love us best, and to whom we are the nearest ! The silent drama played by all of us is never so much as guessed by those whose daily life we share. Living needs infinite patience."

In these words we find the keynote to the "still, sad music" which beats its way in the hearts of Christine and Gaston Rochefort to a fuller harmony and sets its notes to a diviner air.

EVE'S RANSOM. By George Gissing. New York : D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Gissing's last volume is much slighter, both in conception and in execution, than *In the Year of Jubilee*, which we had occasion to notice two months ago. It is to be hoped that he is not going the way of so many writers, and producing too rapidly for his own reputation. Nevertheless, although inferior to his greatest work, *Eve's Ransom* is a strong and impressive story, and one that holds the attention of the reader to the end. The principal male character is a young mechanical draughtsman from the Black Country, who works from morning to night for a meagre salary of two pounds a week, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of existence. Becoming unexpectedly possessed of a few hundred pounds, he resolves, as he says, at any rate for a few months, to discover how it feels really to live, so that he may at least have something to remember in after years. He casts aside his work, rushes up to London, visits Paris, and plunges into various forms of distraction, but at first in utter loneliness. At this stage of his career, he makes the acquaintance of a more or less attractive young woman, who, like himself, has led a narrow, provincial life, and longs for a glimpse of the world of luxury. It is easy to see to what end one of the decadent school of fiction would have conducted this affair ; but Mr. Gissing, though pessimistic, is no decadent. His heroine is very unconventional, but nothing worse. The book deals largely with the development in the man of a perfectly unselfish affection, and with the conflict in the woman between unselfishness and motives that are mercenary. The latter are made to win. The psychology of Eve Madeley is a very curious study, and perhaps involves a certain amount of paradox ; but the analysis is carried out very convincingly by Mr. Gissing, and the book on the whole will detract nothing from his reputation.

A SAWDUST DOLL. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. The Peacock Library. Chicago : Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

TWO WOMEN AND A FOOL. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson. Chicago : Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

These two volumes offer the book-lover all that could be desired in the way of paper, print, and binding, which are handsome enough ; but here the recommendation must unfortunately stop. We say "unfortunately," for no amount of good taste expended on the external appearance of a book will mitigate the bad taste of its contents. After the expectations aroused by the announcement of a new society novel purporting to be amusing and entertaining, it is grievously disappointing to seek in vain through the pages of Mrs. de Koven's story for some gleam of wit, wisdom, or wickedness. Of course the author will remind us that she only claims

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to write of a "sawdust doll," and so may parry the charge that her characters are not of flesh and blood, but only projections of sentimental fancy which she has dressed up to wile away an idle hour. But sawdust dolls are unsatisfactory things to play with when "childhood's years are passing o'er us;" in fiction as in life we put away childish things and choose a nobler company.

Mrs. de Koven's story, in its reflection of humdrum society life, may sometimes seem inane and heathenish, but it is at least respectable and does not outrage one's sense of decency, as her brother-in-law has succeeded in doing in *Two Women and a Fool*, which is as gross a piece of pseudo-realism as we have yet seen in American fiction with any pretence to that title. It is a pity if this is indicative of the way the new literary currents are tending in the West; one must lament to see real ability and cleverness prostituted to such degrading ends. For Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, unlike his literary relative, has considerable wit, a modicum of wisdom—of a worldly cynical sort, it is true—and much wickedness. But it all has a Dead Sea fruit taste, and the apple of lust and lies, so inviting to the eye, is rotten at the core and turns to ashes in the mouth. It is an insult to one's moral sense to be expected to find any interest in the liaison of a Bohemian artist with a music-hall beauty, and to enjoy the confessions of a slave to passion's whim. Messrs. Stone and Kimball deserve credit for their excellent artistic taste in the mechanical portion of these books, but one could wish that they had not sullied the lustre of their growing literary reputation with the responsibility of at least one of them.

INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Miss Montrésor has achieved a great popular success without consulting what is generally supposed to be the popular taste of the day. Perhaps unconsciously she has divined more correctly than most what the popular taste really is beneath the morbidities and frivolities that froth on its surface. In any case her success is deserved, for she has done some rather unusual things, has written a religious book, for instance, that will interest and attract non-religious persons, and has made us believe that an event with almost certainly unhappy consequences—the marriage of a woman to a man of markedly inferior rank and culture—turned out happily in the end. There is no good trying to approve altogether of the construction, and perhaps the fact which, having already been published, may be mentioned here, that the story was curtailed from an earlier and lengthier version, may account for some defects. Even the description of special incidents—though the scenes in the jail are vigorous and vivid—does not show the writer's special talents. Her first novel gives promise of a quite unusual understanding of varied human types. She has her characters so clearly in her mind that, whether their actions are perfectly or only doubtfully convincing, we know them with intimacy. We except Mrs. Russelthorpe, who, with her abnormally jealous love for her brother, puzzles us; and the heroine's personality is not always clear. But Barnabas Thorpe, the man of faith, of little logic, and of invariable rectitude, a quixotic hero, hiding his quixotries heroically; the clever, sharp-tongued, penetrating Tom, with the kind heart shining through his cynicism, and his boundless admiration for his idealist brother; Deane, the selfish, guileless, careless, cultivated enthusiast, are all admirable. Miss Montrésor has, in our opinion, shown her best power in George Sauls. It is quite improbable that for all his hardness he would have ever let the woman he loved so passionately plead so long and desperately for her husband's and his rival's life. But he is a very real man all the same, this Jew with the passion for success, the keen mind, the dominating will, his delight in fighting the world with its roughest weapons, in driving hard bargains, and who yet kept two sanctuaries in his mind inviolate. It is perfectly certain that the creator of George Sauls knows human nature well enough to be a creator of many more living men and women, and we wait confidently for their acquaintance. Miss Montrésor has written a novel of character, but her warmest desire was perhaps to make us glow with gratitude to those who are willing to risk all and contend to the uttermost for their ideal. And she has not failed.

PRINCE ZALESKI. By M. P. Shiel. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Prince Zaleski was a glorified Sher-

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lock Holmes. "The victim of a too importunate, too unfortunate love, which the fulgor of the throne could not abash," took to meditation on the past and future of mankind, and when some one brought him the chatter of the daily newspapers, which he scorned to read, he would deign to light up the mysteries of the present with his magnificent mind. If only he could have been wiled from his gloomy palace to watch the sordid wickedness of the world, not one crime would have gone undetected. But he was probably not much interested in the detection of crime; only in the philosophy of the motives, and in the illustration crime affords of the strange workings of the human soul. We can imagine him saying, with a yawn, to an ordinary baffled Scotland Yard officer, "Oh, there is nothing in that. Show me something more difficult." Indeed, Mr. Sheil had to invent impossibly difficult puzzles for him, otherwise he would not have dared to approach so magnificent a creature at all. "He lay back on his couch, volumed in a Turkish *beneesh*, and listened to me, a little wearily perhaps at first, with woven fingers, and the pale inverted eyes of old anchorites and astrologers, the moony greenish light falling on his always wan features." His *mise en scène* is magnificent; an open sarcophagus with the mummy of an ancient Memphian, palæolithic implements, gnostic gems, fretted gold lamps, fumes of *cannabis sativa* make part of it. Plainly, only crimes of a poetic order could be brought for detection here. And yet a terrible thing happened. Europe had been convulsed with an epidemic of suicide and murder. The murderers had left, as their mark, a scroll with hieroglyphics on it. These puzzle pictures would have driven any one else mad. Even Zaleski's great mind was severely taxed. But surely his soul must have revolted when part of the interpretation resolved itself into a pun—a hideous pun, by which a male and a female figure are made to form the word Lacedæmon. We refuse to humiliate our readers by saying how. The murderers were a high-minded band, whose motives he approved. Yet he did not join them, or endow them with any part of his vast wealth. He said they were "ill-advised," but we have a shrewd guess it was their vile pun that rankled in his solemn soul. Mr. Shiel's mysteries are very good, if a trifle laboured, and he has put them into literary form. But as he has not quite got us under the mystic spell, we are not able to maintain a constant gravity before his gorgeous prince.

NEIGHBOUR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have launched *Neighbour Jackwood* on a new voyage of delight after considerable overhauling. Mr. Trowbridge, who has had this old pioneer of New England fiction in the dry dock for some time, has revised the old scenes and introduced some new ones into the story. We question the wisdom of such a course; in the first place, it is taking a liberty with what has become for a long time public property, and again one sees things through other eyes "when one is old," and the perspective of a work of fiction is apt to be thrown out by an intellectual obliquity. Although we may not agree with John Burroughs, who declares without stint that it is "like a novel of Scott, and that its characters would shine in any page Scott ever wrote," *Neighbour Jackwood* has genuine merits of its own which will keep the good craft afloat for many a day yet. A portrait of the author and a picture from a photograph representing the characters who acted in the play in the Boston Museum in 1857 are given; but that which is worth buying the book for alone is an extremely interesting chapter of autobiography which Mr. Trowbridge published in a recent *Atlantic Monthly*, and which he has incorporated in the new edition of his novel. *Inter alia* he tells us how he came by his title. "The story finished, I had great trouble in naming it. I suppose a score of titles were considered only to be rejected. At last I settled down upon "Jackwood," but felt the need of joining to that name some characteristic phrase or epithet. Thus I was led to think of this scriptural motto for the title-page:

"'A certain *woman* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.'

"Which suggested the question, 'Who was *neighbour* unto this woman?' and the answer, 'Neighbour Jackwood.' And I had my title."

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ESSAYS ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This volume, as the author states in his preface, is to be regarded as a series of studies made by him towards a history of Scandinavian literature, which it is his intention some day to complete. It contains chapters upon Björnson, Kielland, Jonas Lie, Hans Christian Andersen, Georg Brandes, and Tegnèr. The Swedish authors, Runeberg, Strindberg, Mrs. Edgren, and the Dane Oehlenschlaeger, are reserved for a subsequent volume. There is a special chapter devoted to contemporary Danish literature.

Professor Boyesen is at his best in literary criticism. There is a fresh, vigorous, and masterful touch about his dicta that refreshes the reader as with a salt breath from the Northern Ocean —an impression of *plein air* and perfect sanity of judgment most delightful in these days of morbid introspection. Most interesting of all the papers, possibly because the subject of it is less familiar, is that on Tegnèr; while the account of Brandes is the most disappointing, being far too brief for the importance of an author by whom, if we mistake not, Professor Boyesen has himself been greatly influenced. The sketch of Andersen will appeal especially to English and American readers, who will read with much interest the pages that discuss the curious psychological study of his character and explain his strange vanity, his childishness, and his superficially repellent sentimentality, in the light of personal knowledge. One could have wished that the order of chronology had been followed in the arrangement of the studies, since the effect of the book as a whole would thereby have been made more definite.

THE TROUBADOURS AND COURTS OF LOVE (Social England Series.) By John Frederick Rowbotham. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

A vast amount of information regarding the political and social life of the period miscalled the "Dark Ages" may be obtained by reading this book, and following all the paths indicated in the foot-notes and list of authorities placed at the end of the work. However, as most of the writings of the troubadours are still in manuscript and must be consulted in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, the results of a conscientious scholar's labours will be accepted with grateful appreciation by students from whom these fountains for research are sealed. This history of the troubadours, which is not only carefully but most interestingly compiled and arranged, is a most comprehensive and lucid guide to the study of the fascinating class of men—the "knights-errant of literature," whose influence was so deep and varied upon all the branches of national life.

For some time the world has realised that history is not preserved exclusively in the annals of politics and war, but that art, literature, commerce, science, and the pleasures, amusements, and tastes of all classes have been as great factors in the moulding of nations. The "Social England Series," under which this book is classed, promises, in the words of the editor, Kenelm D. Cotes, "to describe some of the leading features of English social life, and to point out some of the numerous highways which lead to a great centre." If the succeeding volumes attain to the standard of the one just issued, a vast amount of knowledge will be opened to the general reader, who, by following out the references, can make himself a specialist.

The ideal Byzantine hero, a marvel of beauty, strength, eloquence, and learning, is contrasted with the primitive type of heroic character as described in the epic of Beowulf. The Norman, Anglo-Norman, and Saxon noblesse and thanes possessed little polish until during the First Crusade they entered the glittering, luxurious capital on the Bosphorus, which was practically the first step towards a new education. Through various avenues the stream of Saracen influences poured, finding especial sympathy in Spain, which was transformed into an Oriental country. Another spot, which lay in the old trade route from the East to Gaul and Britain, was

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early colonised by Eastern emigrants—Provence—the land of roses and everlasting summer, where the sun was golden and the air breathed love, and where, it is said, "the nightingales sang sweeter than all the world beside." This was the cradle of the troubadours, who were thus born and fostered under the direct inspiration of Arabian minstrelsy; and it was from their Arabian ancestry that they caught the art of rhyme, tabulating words, and all the tricks of intricate verse.

The Provençal influence on England is accurately traced, and a detailed account of Queen Eleanor, called the "Troubadour Queen," and of the famous Richard Cœur de Lion, is given. The student will wish for a more intimate study of the verse-forms and rhythms with better examples, for the chapter entitled "The Poetry of the Troubadours" is unsatisfactory, owing to the author's haste to arrive at the life of the troubadour, which is well portrayed with all its refining and pernicious influences. The English troubadours were of sterner calibre than their Provençal brothers, preferring the elaborate epic to the light lyric of love, and consequently the author has touched upon famous Norman-English *romans*. The historical importance of the jongleurs, minstrels, and gleemen is set forth; another chapter is devoted to the musical knowledge of the troubadours and their achievements in harmony; and further are exhibited all the formalities and extravagances of the "Courts of Love." Stories of famous troubadours follow, and the book ends with their decline, which was accomplished by the arms of the Puritan—religion and war—this time in the garb of the Albigenses, who brought sudden disaster upon the sensitive centres of learning and pleasure, and proclaimed the gay reign of love and song over.

FOUR AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

This sumptuous volume, with 202 pages of letter-press and 70 illustrations beautifully executed, contains four papers relating to four of the oldest American Universities, whose history antedates the independence of the United States. The account of Harvard is written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, that of Yale by Professor Arthur T. Hadley, that of Princeton by Professor William M. Sloane (himself, however, an alumnus of Columbia), and that of Columbia by Professor Brander Matthews. Each of these gentlemen has evidently viewed his task as a labour of love, and has brought out very strikingly the most characteristic features of the history and the academic life of the noble institution of which he writes. The volume will appeal very strongly to the sons of the four universities as a permanent memorial of greatness in the past and as a prophecy of unlimited opportunity in the future.

The separate accounts are written from very much the same point of view and adopt much the same order of treatment, as was necessary in order to give symmetry to the work as a whole. The general history and development of each university is pleasantly sketched, its present conditions are indicated, its student life and aims are set forth in a very interesting fashion, and its principal aims and needs are outlined in a way that is most interesting and instructive. The task of the annalist of Columbia was by far more difficult than that of his collaborators, in that Columbia, situated in the heart of a vast and intensely commercial population, has far less external picturesqueness than her venerable sisters. The ivied halls, the broad campus with its velvet turf and noble elms, the "fence," the life of the undergraduates who live together in an intimacy whose jovial associations are never to be forgotten—in these things Columbia has had little or no share. Its austere simplicity and its accelerated assimilation to the German type of university, appear at first sight to deprive its records of the colour and variety that lighten the task of the chronicler of a university like Yale. All the more credit must be given, therefore, to the subtle art of Mr. Brander Matthews, who has been able to bring out the immensely important influence of Columbia at the present time in the great movement for the highest and most scientific education, and in doing so to make his narrative, on the whole, the most attractive of the four, partly because the facts which he selects and presents are to many so new and striking, and partly because of the literary charm of his style and the delicate felicity of his phrasing which lures

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the reader on by its wiles and delights him with the occasional crackle of an epigram.

The illustrations are especially to be commended for their variety and interest. They include not only portraits and reproductions of many scenes dear to the heart of the college man, but also four large folded plates, which are as novel as they are attractive, representing each the *ensemble* of one of the four universities — campus, halls, chapel, everything at a single glimpse. After seeing these one feels as if he has made a pilgrimage to each of the oldest and greatest American seats of learning.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM. A Retrospect, A.D. 54. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

"To Aglaophonos, Physician of the Greeks at Corinth, Meshullam ben Zadok, a Scribe of the Jews at Alexandria, greeting." So opens the prefatory letter to this Retrospect, which carries us back to the days of the public life and death of Jesus, written by an imaginary scribe who had been a member of the Sanhedrim and had voted for the death of the Nazarene. It is the latest addition to that apocryphal literature which has gathered around the stupendous miracle enacted nineteen centuries ago, destined to give a new trend to history and to put a new seal on the brow of mankind. Its manner of relation recalls Browning's "Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician," who saw the resurrected Lazarus and was divided between belief and doubt in his "strange, mad story." The personality of the narrator imparts the same "peculiar interest and awe this man has touched me with" in the experience of Karshish. And the conclusion leaves us in the same maze of troublous wonder and haunting fear concerning the fate of Jesus of Nazareth.

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too."

As Others Saw Him is a careful study, based upon considerable knowledge of detail, but especially remarkable for the imaginative force with which the whole is revivified and represented. This especially appears in the vividness with which the closing scenes are reproduced. The author has not been so successful in reporting the discourses of Jesus. Here he has endeavoured to use the *Agrapha*, and not with conspicuous success. And in one or two minor points he seems to have fallen into error. But the book as a whole is one to be noted. It is risky work, touching up the old portrait given in the Gospels; but although this Retrospect is professedly from an unfriendly point of view, there is nothing that diminishes reverence, nothing that distorts the likeness, but, on the contrary, a good deal that helps us more adequately to conceive the situation in its dramatic setting and on the historical ground upon which the author has written.

PSALM-MOSAICS. By Rev. A. Saunders Dyer, M.A., F.S.A. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.

It was Dean Stanley who said of the Psalter that "it is a vast palimpsest, written over and over again, illuminated, illustrated by every conceivable incident and emotion of men and nations; battles, wanderings, dangers, escapes, death-beds, obsequies of many ages and countries, rise, or may rise, to our view as we read it." In *Psalm-Mosaics* we have an excellent example of what a scholar with broad literary sympathies and responsive religious emotions can do to mould material lying by the wayside, so that it will yield intellectual and spiritual culture for the mental and religious needs of the multitude. The idea of collecting, during his intellectual pursuits, such biographical and historical illustrations of the Psalms as are recorded in this volume was conceived by Mr. Saunders when he was at Lichfield College in 1872. From a wide field of reading and historical research Mr. Saunders has gleaned something of what Tholuck longed to see put on record, "the spiritual experiences, the disclosures of the heart, the comforts and conflicts which men in the course of ages have connected with the words of the Psalms." The volume is unlike anything else in Biblical commentary; indeed, it is not so much a commentary as a Commonplace Book of the Psalter. The only other book on similar lines that we can recall is a remarkable work by the late Rev. John Kerr, D.D. But *The Psalms in History and Biography* is confined chiefly to one field—that of Scottish and Protestant Christianity, and the dangers and distresses experienced by the Covenanters. In reading

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Psalm-Mosaics we not only felt the spell of a master of spiritual power and suggestiveness, but were charmed by the wealth of incident and apt illustration and comment, many of these brought from far afield. It seemed as if the whole realm of literature and art had been traversed for human experiences to fit into the gamut of the Psalter; and in the catholic taste and judgment of which *Psalm-Mosaics* gives evidence on every page, the author has insured for his volume a wide audience as varied as it is universal.

REMINISCENCES. By the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.

Bishop Clark's reminiscences extend over a long period, the first public event that he remembers being the memorable visit to New England of President Monroe at the beginning of the Era of Good Feeling. This was seventy-six years ago, and six years later the future Bishop was admitted to General Lafayette's bedroom, during that veteran's triumphal progress through our country. The greater part of the book is, however, as one might naturally expect, taken up with the writer's ecclesiastical life, and with anecdotes of the famous churchmen whom he knew. Thus it will commend itself primarily to clergymen and to laymen of his own Church, though many others will read with pleasure his account of Princeton Seminary in the old days, of Bishop Philander Chase, that heroic figure in the time when Ohio was still in the Far West, of Dr. Hawks, of the first Pan-Anglican Conference, and of Phillips Brooks. For those who do not seriously incline even to these subjects, there is much of a purely secular nature—recollections of President Lincoln, of the work of the Sanitary Commission during the war, of General Sherman, and of Washington in the early sixties. Dr. Clark's narrative is easy, almost colloquial in style, and is most agreeable reading for an idle hour. The frontispiece gives a portrait of the Bishop in his robes.

IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA. By Marie Fraser. New York: Macmillan & Co. 80 cents.

Miss Fraser spent some time in Samoa not very long before Mr. Stevenson's death, and writes in a chatty, unpretending way, and with perfect taste, the story of her stay and of her almost daily interviews with the Stevensons, of whom she gives a charming picture. The book is, however, by no means exclusively devoted to the novelist and his family, but has much to say of Apia and the Samoans, with whom the author evidently became a great favourite. An illustration given as a frontispiece shows the house in Vailima with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Fraser, and also Miss Fraser herself on horseback—a most pleasing young person, of whom this glimpse amply justifies the name given her by the Samoans—Matalanumoana, "Fair young stranger with blue eyes." The Samoans are evidently persons of considerable perspicacity. We salute the Samoans.

CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE. By Luther H. Porter. Athletics Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

This little volume, with its bright yellow cover, has already gone into the hands of hundreds of cyclists. It proves in our experience to be all that it claims, "an indispensable guide to the successful use of the wheel." In the minutiæ of detailed information given concerning all the points of the bicycle, its use and abuse, its relation to health and disease, and the difficulties which the beginner usually encounters, it should take its place as the wheelman's guide, counsellor, and friend. The cyclopædic chapter was a happy idea, and Dr. Hammond's address on the "Bicycle in Health and Disease" was well worth inserting in the volume. The style of the writer leaves much to be desired. Mr. Porter knows his own business, and knows it well, and for this we are thankful; but he has evidently had little leisure to practise the scribbler's art. There are glaring faults which ought to have been detected in reading the proofs, but the book as a whole will pass muster, as few who consult its contents will be troubled by its lack of literary finish.

TRACTATUS DE INTELLECTUS EMENDATIONE. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale White. Translation revised by Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of the Mark Rutherford books, has just pub-

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lished a translation of this small work of Spinoza. It is a treatise on method. Bruder in his edition calls it an *aureus libellus*, and next to the Ethics, the most important source for Spinoza's philosophy. That is an editor's enthusiasm. The treatise is brief, often obscure at critical points, more or less tentative, and incomplete. A student who is familiar with the Ethics can often read into its perplexing sentences a meaning in harmony with the author's general purpose, and Mr. White has done everything in this way (in his preface and notes) that intelligence and sympathy could do. He thinks the book is suggestive in a singular degree to any one who will take pains with it. That is true, but only in the sense that one who has a general comprehension of Spinoza's thoughts will find it brings all he knows into play to discover what the writer is driving at. The book has a certain autobiographic interest; we find distinct traces here and there of the psychological processes by which Spinoza came to the doctrines associated with his name. But it is not a book for beginners, and its value is not in what it says, but in the reflection which it stimulates. The translation is both accurate and candid; where the text is dubious, or the point obscure, the editor is careful not to mislead his readers. It would have been a help to students if the clear divisions and headings which appear in Bruder, or something equivalent to them, had been given in the English also.

THE CURSE OF INTELLECT. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

The yellow cover and anonymous titlepage of this book warns us what to expect. It is a Swift-like satire on society, if not on man. A *blasé* cynic educates a monkey till it can wear clothes, talk, and even write. Its first feeling on awaking to a sense of its new attainments is one of intense gratitude, almost worship, of its educator. But as it plays its part in London society, and learns the utter hollowness and selfishness of the human world to which it now belongs, its worship turns into a hatred that culminates in murder. The satire is unquestionably marred by the medium chosen. The lack of verisimilitude haunts the reader throughout. A satire with the same object is worth writing, and there is considerable power manifest here; but to be effective, it must be more credible. Swift did not bring his horses to London.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The redoubtable editor and compiler of paste-pot and scissors repute, whose happy moments are marked by the discovery of choice clippings, finds a formidable example in Mr. Alfred H. Miles. His most creditable literary performance has been his compilation of *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, in ten volumes (price, $15.00), the last two volumes of which (consisting of humorous and sacred selections) have just been issued, completing the set, by Dodd, Mead and Company. The work shows a careful eclectic taste judged by artistic and literary standards; few editors indeed have proved themselves so qualified by results to the onerous task undertaken by Mr. Miles in these ten volumes. They are a choice library of the best poetry of the century, affording also a biographical and critical compendium which makes the work a desideratum to every bookman.

Thomas Whittaker has also just issued in one bulky volume of readable type *One Thousand and One Anecdotes* (price, $1.50), containing popular yarns, stories, incidents, jokes, witticisms, epigrams, and *bon mots*, which Mr. Miles has collected and arranged from his storehouse of cuttings and which he has made of real general utility by adding an exhaustive index. Besides drawing on his own collection, Mr. Miles has gleaned the best material from other fields, and in doing so has superseded largely by his careful editing many works of the same sort already in the market. Among old favourites we notice the climactic peroration of an Irish member of Parliament: "I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; and, by Heaven! I'll nip it in the bud."

The Messrs. Macmillan lead the van in handsome reissues of standard literature. An edition of Rudyard Kipling's work in six volumes deserves honourable mention, as it is the first attempt to collect in uniform style and binding such of this author's work as seems worth preserving in a permanent form. We are sorry that the publishers did not acquire the right to issue the poems and ballads also in this edition; barring the

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volumes of short stories, they contain perhaps the essential spirit and much of what is immortal in Mr. Kipling's work. The same publishers have begun an edition of Mr. Henry Edward Watts's translation of *Don Quixote*. Two volumes have been issued (price, $2.00 per volume), and two more, to appear within the next two months, will complete an exquisite set of Cervantes' masterpiece, which for library purposes it would be difficult to rival. This will be followed in July with Mr. Watts's life of Cervantes, wholly recast and largely rewritten, together with an exhaustive bibliography of Cervantes and his translators. The same firm's imprint gives American currency to the edition of Tobias Smollett's novels in the Bohn Library, with a bibliography appended to each volume, and illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Price, $2.00 per volume.) Macmillan and Company, in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent, of London, also begin an edition of Defoe's romances and narratives, to appear in sixteen dainty volumes (price, $1.00 per volume), which aims at giving us at this late date the first complete collection of Defoe's stories. Defoe was a prolific writer, but much of his writing is without interest to us, and indeed anything like a complete edition of all his publications would now be practically impossible. But we hail with delight all the stories, real or fictitious, which can be gathered together in this edition, for they are as welcome now as when first issued. The editor, Mr. George A. Aitken, appreciates the value of Defoe's work to posterity, while exercising an admirable discrimination in his selective and redactive work. The illustrations by Mr. J. B. Yeats are excellent in artistic execution and most pleasing in their sympathetic rendering of the text.

The Student's Chaucer, in one volume (price, $1.75), published by Messrs. Macmillan, is a complete edition of the poet's works, edited by Dr. Walter W. Skeat, of Cambridge. It provides the student with a life of Chaucer, a critical account of his writings and early editions, with notes on the grammar, metre, versification, and pronunciation of the text, and a glossary to Chaucer's works. This scholarly and comprehensive edition ought to prove indispensable to the student of Chaucer and of early Anglo-Saxon literature.

In the Library of Useful Stories, Messrs. Appleton issue *The Story of the Stars* (price, 30 cents), "simply told for general readers," by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. This little handbook on astronomy is an attempt to popularise the astral science for readers whose education does not include a technical knowledge of the sciences, and is an appeal through a simple treatment of the subject, with generous use of illustrations, to the intelligence of the average man.

Mr. William Ordway Partridge's *Technique of Sculpture* has a much too ambitious title. It is in reality a little volume of chitchat and miscellaneous jottings, extending to some 118 pages, with 21 illustrations. It begins with a short sketch of the history of sculpture, with mention of the great work of various ages and schools; then passes to a chapter on the practice of sculpture—a sort of artist's note-book—and in an appendix gives a list of great sculptors and their chief productions, a selected bibliography, etc. The book is pleasantly written and contains a good many practical suggestions that will be of use to the art student. It is published by Messrs. Ginn and Company.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company send us *Manners, Customs and Observations*, by Leopold Wagner, a volume filled with much curious information about various feasts, fasts, rites, and ceremonies, as to their origin, development, and meaning. It is arranged under sections or chapters, "Regal and Ecclesiastic," "Naval and Military," "Legal and Parliamentary," "Civic and Social," "Courtship and Marriage," and "Death and Burial" being some of the main headings. The book is handsomely printed, and having a good index is useful for reference. The price is $1.75.

Mr. Joseph A. Williams, for many years Clerk of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, issues through Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a collection of stories, anecdotes, and recollections drawn from his long association with the legal profession. It is entitled *Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers*, and is very readable, though containing little of permanent value, being very local in its spirit. Perhaps as generally interesting as anything it contains is the account of the famous murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster in 1849.

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Mr. Williams had been a schoolmate of Dr. Webster's children, and had known the doctor himself for many years. There is a very provincial lack of perspective in the book as a whole, however, as when several pages are devoted to the doggerel rhymes of one Allan C. Spooner, whom Mr. Williams describes as "a brilliant man." If he wished his readers to believe this he should have suppressed the brilliant Spooner's verses.

Four Years of Novel Reading, an account of an experiment in popularising the study of fiction, which we announced in a previous number, has just been issued by D. C. Heath and Company. Professor Moulton, in his introductory paper on the study of fiction, says some sensible things that have been said already, but are all the better for having been again expressed with the freshness and vigour which he puts into all his writing. Some of his sentences, especially those on the prevalent vicious habit of reading fiction by the yard, because it is fashionable, is rather biting and caustic. For instance, he speaks of "the intrusion of the universal gambling spirit into literature. What betting and euchre are to the men's club, that novels are to the ladies' boudoir. What gets the typical novel read is the long-drawn out uncertainty whether Clarissa is to be married or buried in the last chapter, with a delicious off-chance" (if Mr. Hardy be the novelist) "that she may even come to be hanged." Then again he says: "Current fiction stands second only to social scandal as material for flying gossip," and he speaks of those who will "blush to confess that they have not read *Dodo*, while feeling no discomfort at not having read Dante." We highly recommend this little book as an antidote to the habit of reading what an old lady in the country declared to be *pizenous* stuff.

The International Education Series of D. Appleton and Company has just added another valuable book for educators to its already long list of books of this class—viz., Froebel's *Pedagogics of the Kindergarten*, translated by Josephine Jarvis, and edited, as are all of this series, by Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. This is a book of special value to parents, kindergartners, and primary-school teachers, inasmuch as it contains a *practical* elucidation of the *true* theory of Froebel. In describing the play of the ball, he shows how it brings out the definite, clear, and legitimate development of the child's capacity for speech in the progressive course of the play, and the language which accompanies it is clear, precise, full, significant, simple, yet completely satisfying. In this manner the whole play of the kindergarten is carefully explained, and many suggestions are given in regard to the true meaning of unconscious mental growth.

Another volume has been added to Macmillan's Standard Fiction series. *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott, has an introduction by Mowbray Morris, and some fine illustrations in the spirit of the author by J. Ayton Symington. Very little is known of Michael Scott, but what little there is to be gleaned has been brought together sedulously by Mr. Morris.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IBSEN.

The first record in English that I have been able to find of Henrik Ibsen is a version of the longest of his minor poems, *Terje Vigen* (1862), contained in a book of translations by J. A. Dahl, called *Norwegian and Swedish Poems*, published in Bergen, in 1872. The book, however, I have never seen, and I have reason to doubt that it ever found any great currency either in England or America. Ibsen was first properly introduced to an English public by Edmund Gosse, in an article entitled "Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian Satirist," in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1873, subsequently incorporated in his *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe* (1879), and reprinted in his *Northern Studies* in the Camelot Series (1890). Mr. Gosse's suggestive essay contains English versions, and very facile ones, of passages of *The Comedy of Love*, *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*, but it was not until 1876 that the first translation of a whole work appear-

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ed, *The Emperor and the Galilean*, which will be mentioned in its proper place further on. Since this time, as was natural, a flood of Ibsen translations has borne down upon us, until it has become a matter of no small difficulty to pick and choose. One of the plays lies before us in no less than four separate versions, and others have been translated several times. It is the purpose of this article to present, as well as may be in a limited space, a comprehensive view, not of Ibsen literature. for that would require many pages, but of the bibliography, in its essentials, of Ibsen's own writings from the beginning, to indicate, further, those of them which are accessible in English translation, and in the case of several versions to point out a possible preference.

Ibsen was born March 20th, 1828, at Skien, in Norway. His first printed literary work is the poem "Hösten," contained in No. 431 of the *Christiania Posten*, 1849, but not included among his collected verse. To this journal were contributed, besides, during the succeeding two years, a poem in memory of the poet Oehlenschlaeger, and the prologue for an entertainment of the Students' Union at the Norwegian theatre in Bergen. Ibsen's first dramatic attempt, written, like the poems mentioned, when he was an apothecary's apprentice in Grimstad, was published in Christiania, in 1850, with the title *Catilina, Drama i tre Akter af Brynjolf Bjarme* ("Catiline · Drama in three acts by B. B."). Only about thirty copies in all were ever sold. The rest of the edition found its way into the hands of a huckster, who used it for wrapping up his wares. A second, revised edition appeared twenty-five years later, in 1875. The year of the appearance of *Catilina*, and Brandes characterises it "his first declaration of war," Ibsen went to Christiana in order to enter the university. Here his second play was written during the succeeding Whitsuntide holidays, the one-act drama *Kjæmpehöjen* ("The Warrior's Grave"), which was produced at the Christiania theatre this same year. It was not printed, however, until 1854, when it appeared in a revised form in the *Bergenske Blade*.

In Christiania, after the production of his play, Ibsen straightway abandoned all thought of the university. With other congenial souls he presently, at the beginning of 1851, set up the publication of a weekly literary paper first called *Manden* ("The Man"), and subsequently *Andhrimner*, with the intention, as its name, that of the mythical cook in Walhalla, would seem to indicate, to serve up the food of the gods. It lasted only nine months. Ibsen's own con-

"THE MASTER."

From the London Sketch.

tributions, besides poetry and criticism, included a three-act political satire called *Norma, eller en Politikers Kjærlighed* ("Norma, or a Politician's Love"), which appeared anonymously. Ibsen's succeeding play, *Sankthansnatten* ("St. John's Night"), written in Germany in 1852, and produced at the Bergen theatre in 1853, has never been printed. The first of Ibsen's historical plays, the lyrical drama *Gildet paa Solhoug* ("The Banquet at Solhoug"), was the next to appear in 1856. This same year was completed the romantic drama *Olaf Liljekrans*, produced at the Bergen theatre early in 1857, but never printed.

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An analysis of its action, as also that of *St. John's Night*, is given in Jaeger's *Biography* of Ibsen. Since this time, at longer or shorter intervals, has appeared the splendid series of dramas that have made this "poet of doubt" famous. The historical dramas *Fru Inger til Oesteraat* ("Lady Inger of Oestraat") and *Hærmændene paa Helgeland* ("The Vikings at Helgeland") first followed, the one in 1857 and the other in 1858. *Kjærlighedens Komedie* ("The Comedy of Love"), a satirical play in rhymed verse, appeared in 1862; *Kongs-Emnerne* ("The Pretenders"), his masterpiece among the historical dramas, in 1864; the dramatic poems *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* in 1866 and 1867, respectively; the political comedy *De Unges Forbund* ("The League of Youth") in 1869; the drama *Kejser og Galilæer* ("Emperor and Galilean"), his most extended work, in 1873; the first of the "studies of motive and responsibility," as Mr. Howells calls them, the social drama *Samfundets Stötter* ("The Pillars of Society") appeared in 1877; *Et Dukkehjem* ("A Doll's House"), in 1879; *Gjengangere* ("Ghosts"), in 1881; *En Folkefiende* ("An Enemy of the People"), in 1882; *Vildanden* ("The Wild Duck"), in 1884; *Rosmersholm*, in 1886; *Fruen fra Havet* ("The Lady from the Sea"), in 1888; *Hedda Gabler*, in 1890; *Bygmester Solness* ("Master Builder Solness"), in 1892; and, finally, *Lille Eyjolf* ("Little Eyjolf"), in 1894. A volume of poems, *Digte*, furthermore, had appeared in 1871. The longest of Ibsen's minor poems, *Paa Vidderne* and *Terje Vigen*, were originally published, the former in 1860, the latter in 1862.

Including *Catiline*, but excluding the minor dramas, all of Ibsen's works have been translated into English but three: *Catiline* itself, *The Banquet at Solhoug*, and *The Comedy of Love*. The first act of the revised edition of *Cataline* is included, however, in *Translations from the Norse*, by A. Johnstone (Gloucester, 1876), which, by the way, also contains a second version of *Terje Vigen*. Passages from *The Comedy of Love* are to be found, as has already been mentioned, in Mr. Gosse's essay. To Catherine Ray's *The Emperor and the Galilean* (1876) belongs the honour of being the first English version of an Ibsen drama, and until 1880, when a translation of *A Doll's House* appeared, it was the only one. At the present time one of the dramas exists in four separate versions, as has been noted; two have been rendered three times each, and no less than eight have been translated twice. Six have appeared, thus far, in but a single rendition.

The Lady from the Sea enjoys the distinction of having been most frequently translated. A version by George R. Carpenter appeared in the *Harvard Monthly* for November and December, 1889. A second translation, by Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling, was published apart in London that same year. Still another, by Clara Bell, is contained in the second volume of *The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen*, in Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature. A fourth, by Mrs. F. E. Archer, is in the fifth volume of *Ibsen's Prose Dramas*, edited by William Archer. The last series includes what may fairly be considered the best, by far, of the English versions. Of the dramas contained in it, *The Vikings at Helgeland*, *The Pretenders*, *The League of Youth*, *Emperor and Galilean*, *The Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, and *Hedda Gabler* are translated by the editor, whose versions, as Professor Boyesen is careful to tell us in his *Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen*, are "clear, faithful, and painstaking," a judgment which my own observation amply confirms. A like dictum may be extended to the translations contained in the same series, evidently done under his immediate supervision. These are *Lady Inger of Oestraat* and *Rosmersholm*, by Charles Archer, and *The Wild Duck* and *The Lady from the Sea*, by Mrs. F. E. Archer. William Archer has translated, further, *An Enemy of Society*, contained in the second volume of the Lovell Series, and *Little Eyjolf* in the Green Tree Library (1894). In conjunction with Edmund Gosse, he has translated, besides, *The Master Builder* (1893), and with Charles Archer, *Peer Gynt*, which appears as the sixth and last volume of *Ibsen's Prose Dramas*. Several of the plays exist in other renditions. *The League of Youth*, by Henry Corstarphen, is in the second volume of Lovell. *A Doll's House*, the second of the plays to be translated, appeared in Copenhagen, in 1880, as *Nora*, in a translation by T. Weber. *Nora*, translated by Henrietta Frances Lord, appeared in London, in 1882, and under the title

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of *The Doll's House*, in New York, 1889. *Ghosts*, also by Miss Lord, was first printed in the London socialistic journal *To-Day*, and then, in a revised form, was included in the Ibsen volume, under the editorship of Havelock Ellis, in the Camelot Series (1888). This contains, besides, William Archer's version of the *The Pillars of Society* and Mrs. Marx-Aveling's *An Enemy of the People*, which latter is also included in Mr. Archer's *Ibsen's Prose Dramas. The Wild Duck* has been translated, a second time, by Mrs. Marx-Aveling, and is contained in the second volume of Lovell. Additional versions of *Rosmersholm* are by M. Carmichael, in the first volume of Lovell, and by Louis N. Parker (London, 1889). *Hedda Gabler*, translated by Edmund Gosse, forms the third volume of Lovell, and was also published apart the same year (1891) in London. *The Master Builder*, beside the version mentioned, has been translated by J. W. Arctander (Minneapolis, 1893). To complete the list of the Ibsen translations, the dramatic poem *Brand* has been rendered twice into English, once in prose by W. Wilson (London, 1891), and again in verse by C. H. Herford (London, 1894). The *Poems* have only in part been translated. Professor Boyesen's *Commentary* contains some excellent renditions, which preserve both the rhyme and the metre. A number of prose versions are in Philip H. Wicksteed's suggestive little book, *Four Lectures on Henrik Ibsen* (London, 1892).

As will be seen from the foregoing, of all the Ibsen translators, William Archer has been the most active, and it is fortunately possible out of the mass of versions, good, bad, and indifferent, that have arisen, to be able to read, in the case of every dramatic work thus far translated except *Brand*, either his own rendition or one that has arisen under his eye. The least successful of the Archer translations is, as a matter of course, *Peer Gynt*, which, both in its metrical construction and its inherent characteristics as a poem, offers difficulties well-nigh insuperable. The English translation has retained the original metre, but not the rhyme, and, although it is faithful enough to the letter of the original, its resemblance is, on the whole, but little more than external. With the Norse language has disappeared almost the whole characteristic colouring of the most distinctly national of the dramas, which Mr. Gosse calls, with admirable alliteration, "a picture of rough Norse life by fjord and fjeld." What is true of *Peer Gynt* is also true of the metrical translation of *Brand*, for the prose version of Mr. Wilson is out of the question from the beginning. Mr. Herford's version has retained both the metre and the rhyme of the original, but much of its essential realism, its sternness and solemnity, has somehow departed. Although some of its critics have praised it, I can see in it but little more than the *succès d'estime*, which is scarcely a success at all. The end of Ibsen translations, it is to be hoped, is not yet. We should still have in English the three untranslated plays, and bye and bye some new Bayard Taylor, perhaps, may come forward to give us the real *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*.

William H. Carpenter.

THE FOUR GEMS OF THE SEASON.

There has been an unusual number of sales during the season now closing, at which collections of scarce and valuable books were sold under the hammer. The collections of Charles B. Foote and L. D. Alexander, which were sold at the auction rooms of Bangs and Company, in New York, and those of George Livermore and George T. Maxwell, sold in Boston, at the rooms of C. F. Libbie and Company, were rich in rarities that brought high prices, but each is distinguished for containing a gem that sold in open market for $1000, or more.

The highest-priced book of the season, on this side of the Atlantic, was that scarcest of all American books—the first edition of Poe's *Tamerlane*, which was sold at the Maxwell sale for $1450 on April 25th. This little book, as may be seen from the fac-simile of the title-page printed herewith, was anonymous, Poe putting himself down simply as a "Bos-

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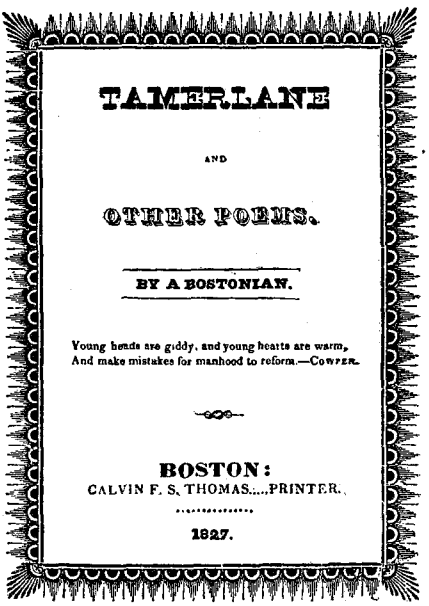
tonian," to which honour he was entitled by the accident of having been born in that city. It was a 12mo, containing only 40 pages, coarsely printed, scarcely rising above the dignity of a pamphlet. The "Tamerlane," the major poem which gave the name to the volume, is not identical with the poem of the same name now printed in Poe's works, being much shorter and cruder than the revised version. Only two copies of this edition of *Tamerlane* are known to be in existence—one in the British Museum, and the Maxwell copy, just sold in Boston, and now owned by Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York.

The British Museum copy was purchased, strange to say, for a shilling. Henry Stevens bought it in the Samuel G. Drake collection, in 1859. It was sent into the Museum, in 1860, with a bundle of Boston tracts. It was discovered in 1875 by a mousing bibliographer, whose honour of discovery was disputed by another bookworm, and a long controversy ensued which even yet has not been settled. For years the Museum *Tamerlane* was believed to be unique.

The Maxwell copy has an equally interesting history. It was bought by Mr. Richard Lichtenstein, now one of the proprietors of the Old South Bookstore, in Boston, in an old bookshop, in Cornhill, in a lot for which he paid 25 cents each. It was some years before he began to appreciate the treasure. In the eighties, when Mr. Charles B. Foote was advertising widely for first editions of American authors, Mr. Lichtenstein had some correspondence with him in regard to it, resulting finally in an offer of $400, which was refused. On April 28th, 1892, Mr. Lichtenstein sold the book at public auction, through C. F. Libbie and Company to Dodd, Mead and Company for $1850, who in turn sold it to George T. Maxwell for $2500.

Mr. Maxwell bought the book in the original paper wrapper, and soon after sent it to Lortic, in Paris, and had it encased in a magnificent binding at an expense of $300. The background of the binding was a brown crushed levant, with sides ornamented with mosaic of blue levant, in a beautiful interlaced floriated design; the flower leaves and petals are all inlaid in colours, red, blue, green, and yellow, with monogram in each corner, double of pure white parchment, wide dentelle borders, vellum fly-leaves, encased in a crushed levant morocco pull-off case, blind-tooled. Lortic considered this one of his best pieces, and was not disposed to share the credit of the workmanship with another, for he signed his name in three places.



TAMERLANE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young hands are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—COWPER.

BOSTON:
CALVIN F. S. THOMAS....PRINTER.

1827.

The first edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, printed in 1653, which sold in the Alexander collection for $1325, comes next in price. This is one of the rarest gems in English literature, and this particular copy one of the finest in existence. The last copy sold prior to this, in London brought £210. Mr. Alexander paid £68 for his copy, buying it at the sale of Sir William Tite, which occurred in May, 1874, in London. It will thus be seen that the investment was a fairly good one, Mr. Alexander realising an advance of nearly $1000 on his purchase.

George Herbert's *Temple*, which sold for $1050, brought the highest price of all the rarities in the Foote collection. This was a first and most rare edition, printed in 1633, for presentation purposes, ruled throughout with red lines, bound in olive morocco—a beautiful, well-preserved specimen of seventeenth-century binding. The volume contained notes in the autographs of its former owners—viz., the Rev. J. Brand, Richard

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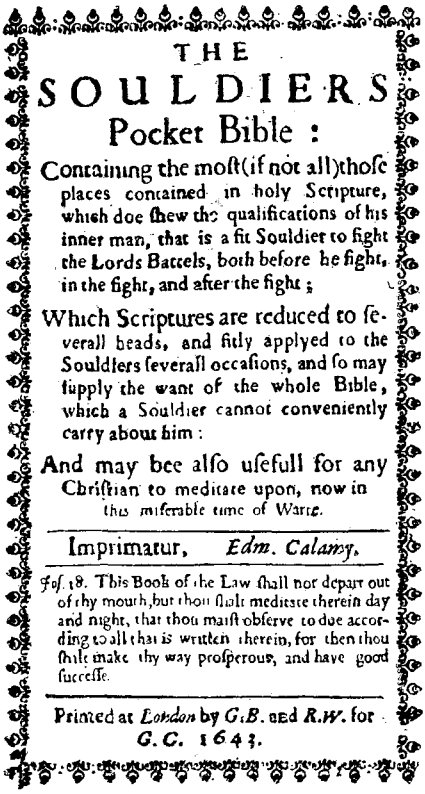
Heber, and George Daniel. The only other known copy of this edition is in the Henry Huth Library. This, the Daniel copy, was lost sight of in England, and it has been repeatedly claimed that the Huth copy was unique. Mr. Foote paid $250 for the Daniel copy eight years ago, thus realising an advance of $800, making, all things considered, a better bargain than did Mr. Alexander with the *Angler*.



THE
SOULDIERS
Pocket Bible:

Containing the moſt (if not all) thoſe places contained in holy Scripture, which doe ſhew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight;

Which Scriptures are reduced to ſeverall heads, and fitly applyed to the Souldiers ſeverall occaſions, and ſo may ſupply the want of the whole Bible, which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him:

And may bee alſo uſefull for any Chriſtian to meditate upon, now in this miſerable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Calamy.*

Joſ. 18. This Book of the Law ſhall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou ſhalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maiſt obſerve to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou ſhalt make thy way proſperous, and have good ſucceſſe.

Printed at *London* by *G.B.* and *R.W.* for *G.C.* 1643.

The star volume in the Livermore collection was the Cromwell's *Souldier's Bible*, which brought an even $1000. This celebrated Bible was issued for the use of the army soon after the commencement of the Civil War in England. It was a little 16mo book of 16 pages, printed in 1643. Only two copies are known to be extant. The Livermore copy was regarded as unique, until at the suggestion of Henry Stevens a collection of some 50,000 Civil War pamphlets, in the British Museum, were searched and a duplicate discovered. This gem does not appear to have been known to Watt, Lowndes, or Dibdin; nor is it described by any bibliographer. Henry Stevens once declared that "few books can long remain unique." It is singular that thirty-two years have passed since the fac-simile reprints were published and no other copies of this Biblical rarity have been found. The Livermore copy was purchased for the Lenox Library, and is now one of the wonderful collection of Bibles that distinguishes that institution.

The size of these four little volumes, which brought nearly $5000, would be disappointing indeed to one who supposes that a rarity must be a large book to bring a good price. *Tamerlane*, the *Angler*, and the *Temple* were all 12mos; the *Souldier's Bible*, a 16mo. Together they would not make a book larger than an ordinary 12mo book of 500 pages, which would make them worth more than fifteen times their weight in gold. Another distinguishing feature of three of these gems—*Tamerlane*, the *Temple*, and the *Souldier's Bible*—is that they are unique on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Beverly Chew, writing of the Foote sale, in the February number of THE BOOKMAN, said: "I am convinced that the great masterpieces of English literature will ever be in demand, and when the very small number of copies in existence is considered, the result must be gradually advancing prices." The sales of the Alexander and Maxwell collections, which have since taken place, have added much corroborative opinion to this eminently safe prediction.

The sales of the present season have given a great impetus to book collecting. The high prices which such gems as these mentioned have brought in open market have gone a long way toward encouraging new collectors to make the expenditures necessary to form collections. Many dealers, in a position which well qualifies them to speak, have expressed to the writer the opinion that the next decade will show a greater interest in book-collecting than has been yet manifested in this country. The sales of the present season, notwithstanding the depressed condition of business, furnishes much evidence that would tend to support such a prediction.

Fred. M. Hopkins.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE MAXWELL SALE.

Ever since Mr. George T. Maxwell announced his determination to dispose of his collection of rare books and manuscripts at public auction, the question has been often put: "What will the 'Tamerlane' fetch?" The sale took place in Libbie's rooms in Boston on April 24th and 25th, and the question was answered. The famous copy of the first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Other Poems, Boston, 1827," which in 1892 had been sold in the same rooms for $1850.00 to a firm of booksellers, and which had since been most elaborately bound by Lortic *fils* at an expense of about $300.00, was the brightest gem of a notable collection. This item, No. 431 of the catalogue, came in the second day's sale. The bidding was started at $500.00 and rose by hundreds and then by fifties to $1450 00, at which price it was knocked down to its former purchasers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company., Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons being the underbidders. Shortly after the sale of the "Tamerlane" had, as the auctioneer said, become history, the well-known collector, Mr. N. Q. Pope, who at the previous sale had bid up to $1800.00 for the book, strolled in with a sprig of Mayflower in his buttonhole. He is understood to have been out of the race this time.

The collection included many other first editions, English and French, some in very elaborate bindings by the best Parisian artists, but, with a few exceptions, they probably sold for less than the owner had originally paid. This was notably the case with the French books and with the autographs, which, though small in number, included names of the greatest rarity and historical importance, specimens indubitably genuine and in fine condition.

From the standpoint also of the collector of book-plates, the sale was a notable one. A copy of the book-plate of Epes Sargent, engraved by Paul Revere, and one of three known copies, was bought by Dodd, Mead and Company. for $75.00, being probably the highest price ever paid either in this country or Europe for a single engraved specimen.

The following is a list of some of the most important items:

Arnold (M.). Cromwell, a Prize Poem, first edition, original paper covers. 1843. $16.00.

Arnold (M.). The Strayed Reveller and other Poems, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1849. $19.00.

Bancroft (George). Poems, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1823. $15.00.

Barham. Ingoldsby Legends, first edition, 3 vols., cloth, uncut. 1840–42–47. $120.00.

Baudelaire. Les Fleurs du Mal, first edition, one of ten copies on Holland paper, and with autograph letters inserted, boards, uncut. 1857. $50.00.

Béranger. Chansons morales et autres, first edition, levant morocco extra, gilt over uncut edges, by Cuzin. 1816. $60.00.

Béranger. Chansons, second edition, 2 vols., levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Marius Michel. 1821. $45.00.

Béranger. Chansons, 3 vols., half roan, uncut, Baudouin Frères. 1828–33. $78.00.

Book-plates. A collection of 1106 specimens neatly mounted in three 4to albums. $160.00.

Brillat-Savarin. Physiologie du Gout, large and Holland paper copy, 2 vols., beautifully bound in levant morocco finely tooled, by Ruban. 1879 $76.00.

Brough. Life of Sir John Falstaff, first edition, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut. 1858. $31.00

Browning (E. B.). An Essay on Mind, first edition, boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1826. $22.50.

Browning (E. B.). Prometheus Bound, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1833. $35.00.

Browning (E. B. and R.). Two Poems, first edition, original paper covers, in morocco case. 1854. $11.00.

Browning (R.). Pauline, first edition, the author's first book, and his Uncle Reuben's copy, with autograph inscription, levant morocco extra, gauffered edges, by Mercier Sr. de Guzin. 1833. $260.00.

Browning (R.). Paracelsus, first edition, presentation copy, boards, uncut. 1835. $30.00.

Bryant (W. C.). Poems, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1821. $42.50.

Chants et Chansons populaires de la France, first edition, 3 vols., levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Chambolle-Duru. Paris, 1843. $120.00.

Cruikshank. George Cruikshank's Omnibus, first edition, with autograph inscription, morocco extra, uncut. 1842. $25.00.

Darzens (R.). L'Amante du Christ, levant morocco, elaborate inlaid doublé, by Samblanck-Weckesser, and extra-illustrated with a series of original water-colors by Louis Titz. 1888. $80.00.

Dickens. Sunday under Three Heads, first edition, morocco, uncut, with the original covers bound in. 1836. $60.00.

Dickens. Oliver Twist, first issue of the first edition, 3 vols., original cloth, uncut. 1838. $82.50.

Dickens. Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, first issue of the first edition, 2 vols., original cloth, uncut. 1838. $35.00.

Dickens. Illustrations of Master Humphrey's Clock in 70 plates, by Sibson. 1842. $52.00.

Dickens. Dombey and Son, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1848. $22.50.

Dickens. David Copperfield, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1850. $25.00.

Dickens. Bleak House, first edition, in original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1853. $20.00.

Dickens (C.). The Uncommercial Traveller, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1861. $22.00.

Dickens. A Tale of Two Cities, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1869. $51.00.

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Dumas. Péchés de Jeunesse, first edition, with inserted portraits, autograph matter, etc., levant morocco, inlaid in an elaborate pattern, by David. 1847. $135.00.

Eliot (George). Works, first editions, including "Life" but wanting "Agatha" and "Brother and Sister," 30 vols., half levant morocco. $165.00.

Eliot. Agatha, first edition, calf extra, uncut, by Tout. 1869. $45.00.

Flaubert. Herodias, Japan paper copy, elaborately bound with inlaid sides and tooled doublé, by Ch. Meunier. 1892. $115.00.

Flaubert. Salambo, large paper copy, with plates in two states and 31 water-color drawings by Jules Adeline and A. Gambard, morocco extra, Paris, n. d. $100.00.

Goncourt. Renée Mauperin, one of twenty copies on Japan paper, expensively bound by Ruban. 1884. $75.00.

Hallam. Poems by A. H. Hallam, first edition, original boards, uncut, without title, as published. $40.00.

Hazlitt. Liber Amoris, first edition, boards uncut. 1823. $19.00.

Houssaye. Cleopatra, one of three copies on Japan paper, with a water-color by Miés, autograph letters, etc., inserted, and elaborately bound by Samblanck-Weckesser. New York, 1890. $87.50.

Hugo. Cromwell, first edition, morocco extra, tooled to a design by Nodier, by Samblanck-Weckesser. Paris, 1828. $35.00.

Keats. Endymion, first edition, original boards, uncut, with inserted autograph letter and poem. 1818. $100.00.

Keats. Letters to Fanny Brawne, first edition, one of two copies on vellum. 1878. $37.50.

Lamb. Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff, interesting autograph copy, old sheep. 1796. $80.00.

Lamb. A Tale of Rosamund Gray, first edition, Agatha Lloyd's copy, with autograph of Charles Lloyd, old half calf. 1798. $210.00.

Lamb. John Woodville, first edition, polished calf by Bedford. 1802. $23.00.

Lamb. Prince Dorus, first edition, levant morocco extra, uncut, by Rivière, in morocco case. 1811. $200.00.

Longfellow. Miscellaneous Poems from the United States Gazette, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1826. $35.00.

Longfellow. Poems on Slavery, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1842. $38.00.

Longfellow. Evangeline, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1847. $67.50.

Louvet. Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas, vellum paper copy, with proof plates, 4 vols., morocco super extra, by Trautz-Bauzonnet. 1798. $168.00.

Morris. The Defence of Guenevere, first edition, morocco super extra, tooled sides and back, by Miss Prideaux. 1858. $65.00.

Pailleron. La Souris, one of fifty Japan paper copies, with seven water-colors by Dillon, sumptuously bound by Ruban. 1888. $85.00.

Poe. Tales, first edition, levant morocco super extra, uncut edges, by Samblanck-Weckesser. 1845. $46.00.

Poe. Eureka, first edition, Poe's own copy with manuscript notes, cloth. 1848. $67.50.

Rameau. Poèmes Fantasques, special copy with much inserted material, bound by Smeers Engle. Paris, 1883. $105.00.

Richepin (J.). Les Debuts de Cesar Borgia, illustrations by Rochegrosse, in an elaborately tooled binding of levant morocco, by S. David. Paris, Société des Bibliophiles Contemporaines, 1890. $135.00.

Rossetti. Sir Hugh the Heron, first edition, original paper wrapper, uncut. 1843. $70.00.

Ruskin. Poems, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1850. $190.00.

Shakespeare. Antony and Cleopatra, Japan paper copy with autograph letters, in a mosaic binding of Egyptian design, by Ch. Meunier. New York, 1891. $132.50.

Shelley. An Address to the Irish People, first edition, sewed, uncut. Dublin, 1812. $102.00.

"Société les Amis des Livres," Publications of the. These volumes were issued in very limited numbers, and several of Mr. Maxwell's copies had been bound in the most elaborate manner by Ruban and Samblanck-Weckesser. The following brought the highest prices: Prosper Mérimée's Chronique du Règne de Charles IX., 2 vols., $200.00; Murger's Scènes de la Bohême, $175.00; Hugo's Les Orientales, $95.00; Balzac's Eugénie Grandet, $72.50; Beraldi's Paris qui Crie, $67.50.

Stevenson. The Pentland Rising, first edition, original paper cover. 1866. $42.50.

Swinburne. The Queen Mother; Rosamond, first edition, levant morocco extra, by Matthews. 1860. $30.00.

Swinburne. Atalanta in Calydon, first edition, presentation copy, in the original cloth. 1865. $35.00.

Tennyson. Poems by Two Brothers, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1827. $135.00.

Tennyson. Poems, 2 vols., original boards, uncut. 1842. $65.00.

Vigny. Servitude at Grandeur Militaires, Large Paper Copy, with inserted matter, water-colors in the text, etc., bound in the most elaborate manner, with inlaid emblematic designs, by Samblanck-Weckesser, one of the most striking specimens of binding in the collection. 1885. $235.00.

Whittier. Legends of New England, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1831. $37.50.

Autographs. The collection included a few strikingly important names, of the highest rarity. The following were the most important: Pietro Aretino, surnamed "The Scourge of Princes," A.L.S., $85.00; Cæsar Borgia, D.S., $25.00; Lucrezia Borgia, fine A.L.S., $290.00; Michel Angelo Buonarotti, the original draft of a contract relating to the construction of the façade of the St. Laurent Church in Florence, $380.00; Vittoria Colonna, A.L.S., 2 pp. folio, $80.00; Charles Dickens, very interesting A.L.S., 2 pp., 8vo, $32.50; Queen Elizabeth of England, L.S., $50.00; Ludovic Elzevir, interesting A.L.S. to Galileo regarding a book of his going through the press, $80.00; Anne, Duchesse de Longueville, A.L.S., $30.00; Nicolo Machiavelli, A.L.S., $80.00; Marguerite de Valois, A.L.S., $210.00; Poe, original manuscript of "A Tale of the Ragged Mountain," $230.00; Poe, original prospectus of the Pennsylvania Magazine, with A.L.S. attached, $55.00; Samuel Richardson, A.L.S., $27.00; Henri Stephanus, A.L.S., $65.00.

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EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1895.

Sales in text-books continued steady during April, but from now until the middle of August business in this line will be slack. The customary spring demand for botanical works began early in the month, and has been filled chiefly by Professor Gray's books and Nelson's *Herbarium*.

Other seasonable books now in favour are Miss Dana's revised edition of *How to Know the Wild Flowers* and *With the Wild Flowers*, by E. M. Hardinge. In ornithology both Messrs. Macmillan and Appleton announce important works for early publication. *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, by Luther H. Porter, is the initial volume of a timely Athletics Series which is having a good sale.

Easter literature caused some activity in the early part of the month; the demand, however, was light. Prayer and hymnals and books of a religious character in many cases took the place of strictly Easter goods.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have made a new departure in paper-covered books by issuing a series of their popular works to be sold to the trade by subscription for twelve numbers, to retail at fifty cents each. The first number, brought out in April, was *Marcella*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has led the paper-bound books this month in point of sale.

The most notable new books of the month were *Bog-Myrtle and Peat*, by S. R. Crockett; *Outre Mer*, by Paul Bourget, and *The Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour; the latter is being specially well received and largely called for. Mr. J. K. Bangs has made a comic contribution to Napoleonic literature, entitled *Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica*, which is going well, and Miss Laura E. Richards, in continuing her successful juvenile series, is sustaining her reputation in spite of many rivals with *Jim of Hellas*.

Of the older books still enjoying a steady popularity are *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *Trilby*, *The Manxman*, and *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

The continued dull times have stimulated the trade to devise new methods of pushing business. In one instance extensive advertising of reduced prices and what may be termed cut rates have been resorted to. This practice has previously been confined to the dry-goods houses only, where a few popular or cheap books were used as leaders to draw customers, with the expectation of making up in other departments the evident loss on books. It seems hardly possible that any bookseller can continue this practice, when it is known that the prices are so low as to eliminate entirely all profit, and it must eventually injure the dealer in the dissatisfaction caused by varying prices.

Business for the month has been lighter than usual. Sales have been for the most part confined to fiction.

The following list of the most popular books during the month will be seen to contain many mentioned in the lists of the previous months.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cloth, 2 vols., $2.00; 1 vol., $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 25 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.

The Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00.

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Two Women and a Fool. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.

Outre Mer. By Paul Bourget. $1.75

The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By J. O. Hobbes. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1895.

The record of sales during April shows a decided falling off in the amount of business done, as compared with the earlier months, and indicates plainly that we are approaching the dull season. The first part of the month was quiet, country and library orders especially being few and light, and it looked for a time as if we would fall below last year's average. The last two weeks, however, were much brighter, and quite made up for the slackness of the earlier period, so upon the whole there is no ground for complaint.

Easter trade was fairly good when it got started, but, like Christmas business, it was very slow in opening up, and the general tendency of customers to put off their purchases, on account, probably, of the "hard times," until the eleventh hour, was more strongly marked than ever.

It is very encouraging to notice that reports from the Pacific coast, where the book trade has been in a bad way for a long time, say that business is improving, and representatives of Eastern houses just returned from their annual spring trips to the Far West claim to have made good sales.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the month was the extraordinary demand for books on the currency question. The West has fairly gone crazed over the silver question, and everywhere "Silver is Allah, and Harvey, the author of *Coin's Financial School*, is his prophet." There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the whole wide West where the above-named book has not penetrated, and the question, Have you read *Trilby?* has been completely displaced by the query, Have you read *Coin?* The necessity has arisen for a book similar in price which will show the opposite side of the question, and a twenty-five-cent work just issued by a Chicago firm, entitled *Cash versus Coin*, claims to meet it. The first edition was exhausted, we are told, as soon as it was off the press, and from the way orders are coming in for the second, it looks as though it were going to have a large sale.

The book most talked about in literary circles during the month was undoubtedly Max Nordau's *Degeneration*. For a book of its class the sale has been phenomenal, and a more opportune time for its appearance could not have been chosen. In the line of heavy reading there is also a large call for Balfour's *Foundations of Belief;* and Kidd's *Social Evolution*, helped, no doubt, by its cheaper form, is selling very largely.

Fiction, as usual at this time of the year, plays the most important part in the register of books

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published last month, and of these Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's *Two Women and a Fool* easily led the demand, while the next best selling book was decidedly Miss Lilian Bell's *Little Sister to the Wilderness*. In this connection it is worth noting that both these books are by Chicago authors, and are published by a Chicago house. S. R. Crockett's *Bog-Myrtle and Peat*, which made its appearance late in the month, is also in active demand.

A little volume, just received, entitled *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, being the first volume of Dodd, Mead and Company's new Athletics Series, is selling very well. This is a remarkably well written little work, and will be found of great value to any one who aspires to the ubiquitous wheel, while at the same time it provides a reliable *vade-mecum* of information for the practical wheelman.

The sales of *Trilby* and *The Manxman* dropped off a good deal last month, while *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* sold better than it did in March. It is not often that an author's first book meets with the success which this book has been accorded. We have also to report good sales of Stanley Weyman's books, and Anthony Hope's.

The leading books, as represented by their sale last month, were :

Trilby. By George Du Maurier $1.75.
Two Women and a Fool. By Hobart Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
A Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. $1.25.
Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories, By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
The History of the People of the United States. By McMaster. Vol. IV. $2.50.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, March 25 to April 20, 1895.

As may readily be imagined, trade during the last four weeks has not been particularly brisk. Lent is always a quiet time, and the return of cold weather seemed to check business generally. Of course the present month cannot be compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, owing to the date upon which Easter fell. There has been a fair sale for tourist guide-books, although the season has hardly yet commenced. The competition among publishers, in this special department, is very keen, the different series being, almost without exception, revised annually. Works dealing more especialy with outdoor pursuits have not begun to move very freely. However, with the advent of spring weather, this will probably be remedied in a great measure. The interest evinced in everything Chinese and Japanese is reflected in the continued demand for Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, Douglas's *Society in China*, and works of a similar nature. Among magazines there is not much change. Considerable interest centres in the announcement of *Chapman's Magazine*. It is hoped that it will find a public of its own, and thus prove a real help to the bookseller.

Appended is a list of the principal books in demand for the time being. Six shillings seems to be the fixed price for the popular novel. A few have appeared at 3s. 6d., but owing, probably, to the competition which exists among publishers for the works of an author enjoying the smile of the public, it is impossible to bring them out at the lower figure :

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
Barabbas. By M. Corelli. 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
As Others Saw Him. A Retrospect. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
"Druid" Sporting Library. 5 vols. 5s. each.
Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net*.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.
3. Churches and Castles of Mediæval France. By W. C. Larned. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)
4. Mystery of Cloomber. By Conan Doyle. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Astor. By Paul Randall. 50 cts. (G. W. Dillingham.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Friend of the People. By Mary C. Rowsell. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00 (Harper.)
3. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00 (Longmans, Green.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. Roberts.)
5. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. deKoven. $1.25 net. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 25 cts. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The National Military Park—Chickamauga, Chattanooga. An Historical Guide. By General H. V. Boynton. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
3. Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. The Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans, Green.)
5. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. The Works of Tobias Smollett. 12 vols. $1.00 per vol. (Gibbings & Co., London; Lippincott.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. The Ways of Yale. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Mystery of Cloomber. By Doyle. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Wagner Story Book. By Frost. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. II. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Out of the East. By Lafcadio Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

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5. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Round the Red Lamp. By Conan Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Highland Cousins. By Wm. Black. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
7. Love and Quiet Life. By Walter Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Ways of Yale. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. Suburban Pastoral. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Mystery of Cloomber. By Doyle. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
6. Among the Northern Hills. By W. C. Prime. $1.00. (Harper.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Mrs. Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. Longman's.
2. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd Mead & Co.)
6. Out of the East. By Lafcadio Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Out of the East. By Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1 25. (Harper.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, A.D. 54. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. Coin Pub. Co.
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. Appleton.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00 (Harper.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. de Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans, Green.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle. By Nodier. 50 cts. (Lamson, Wolfe.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)
5. Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)

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LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRIGGS, C. A.—The Messiah of the Apostles. 8vo, pp. xiii–562, $3.00.....Scribner

Christ and the Church: Essays concerning the Church and the Unification of Christendom. With an Introduction by Rev. A. H. Bradford. 12mo, pp. 321, $1.50.....Revell

DEAN, B. S.—An outline of Bible History. 12mo, pp. xvi–152, $1.00.Standard Pub. Co.

DRUMMOND, J.—Via, Veritas, Vita: Lectures on Christianity in its most simple and intelligible form. 8vo, pp. xiv–331, $3.50 *net* Scribner

GLADDEN, WASHINGTON.—Burning Questions of the Life that now is and that which is to come. 12mo, pp. 248, $1.00.....Ketcham

God's Light as it came to me. 16mo, pp. iv–128, $1.00.....Roberts

HALL, C. C.—The Children, the Church, and the Communion. 12mo, pp. 52, 75 cents Houghton

HALLAM, F.—The Breath of God: a Sketch, historical, critical, and logical, of the Doctrine of Inspiration. 12mo, pp. v–103, 75 cents.....Whittaker

HYDE, W. DEW.—Outlines of Social Theology. 12mo, pp. 260, $1.50.....Macmillan

KELLY, E.—Evolution and Effort, and their Relation to Religion and Politics. 12mo, pp. viii–297, $1.25.....Appleton

LIGHTFOOT, J. B.—Notes on Epistles of St. Paul, from Unpublished Commentaries. 8vo, pp. xii–336, $3.25 *net*... ...Macmillan

PRALL, W.—Civic Christianity. 12mo, pp. vi–209, $1.00.....Whittaker

REED, J. S.—The Bishop's Blue Book. 12mo, pp. 200, $1.00 .....Pott

REED, J. S.—The Crozier and the Keys: a companion volume to the Bishop's Blue Book. 12mo, pp. ix–377, $1.50 ....Pott

Teacher and the Class (The). A Symposium on Sunday-School Teaching. 16mo, pp. 130, 50 cents.....Revell

WEBSTER, L. C.—The End from the Beginning; or, Divine Prescience *vs.* Divine Nescience of Future Contingencies. 12mo, pp. 366, $1.25.....Cranston & C.

FICTION.

ADAMS, W. T. ("Oliver Optic").—In the Saddle 12mo, pp. 451, $1.50.....Lee & S.

ALDEN, Mrs. I. M. ("Pansy").—Only Ten Cents. 12mo, pp. viii–317, $1.50...Lothrop

AUSTIN, A.—Madonna's Child. 12mo, pp. 75, $1.00.....Macmillan

BALZAC, H. DE.—Lucien de Rubempré; translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, pp. vi–367, $1.50.....Roberts

BANGS, J. K.—Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. 16mo, pp. xii–265, $1.25 .....Harper

BELL, LILIAN.—A Little Sister to the Wilderness. 16mo, pp. 269, $1.25.....Stone & K.

BLAIR, ELIZA N.—Lisbeth Wilson: a Daughter of New Hampshire Hills. 12mo, pp. v–374, $1.56.... .....Lee & S.

BOLTON, Mrs. HENRIETTA I.—The Madonna of St. Luke: the Story of a Portrait. 12mo, $1.25.....Putnam

BONESTEEL, MARY G.—Army Boys and Girls. 12mo, pp. iii–248, $1.00.....Murphy

BOOTHBY, G.—A Lost Endeavour. 16mo, pp. viii–183, 75 cents .....Macmillan

BOOTHBY, G.—The Marriage of Esther. 12mo, pp. iii–254, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Appleton

CASTELMON, HARRY.—Elam Storm the Wolfer; or, the Lost Nugget. 12mo, pp. iii–356, $1.25.....Porter & C.

CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, H. C.—Two Women and a Fool. 16mo, pp. iv–232, $1.50..Stone & K.

CONRAD, J.—Almayer's Folly: a Story of an Eastern River. 12mo, pp. iv–276, $1.25 Macmillan

CORELLI, MARIE.—The Silence of the Maharajah. 24mo, pp. 74, 40 cents .....Merriam

COTES, Mrs. E.—The Story of Sonny Sahib. 12mo, pp. iv–112, $1.00 .....Appleton

DANE, D.—Is She not a Woman? or, Vengeance is Mine. 12mo, paper, pp. iv–367, 50 cents Cassell

DICKINSON, MARY L.—Spring Blossoms: an Easter Story. 12mo, pp. iv–54, 75 cents Amer. Baptist Soc'y

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE.—The Tiger Lily: a Story of a Woman. 12mo, pp. iv.–270, $1.00. Cassell

FRANCIS, M. E.—A Daughter of the Soil. 12mo, pp. iv–301, $1.25..... .....Harper

FULLER, H. B.—With the Procession: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 336, $1.25.....Harper

GARDNER, G. E.—A Treasure found—a Bride won: a Novel. 12mo, pp. v–407, $1.00; paper, 50 cents .....Bonner

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—An Arranged Marriage. 12mo, pp. iii–306, $1.00; paper, 50 cents Appleton

GISSING, G.—Eve's Ransom: a Novel. 12mo, paper, pp. 379, 50 cents.....Appleton

GREEN, E. E.—Eustace Marchmont: a Friend of the People. 12mo, pp. 376, $1.25 Bradley

HALE, E. E.—If Jesus came to Boston. 12mo, pp. 45, 50 cents..... ...Lamson, Wolfe

HALE, SARAH.—Mercedes: a Story of Mexico. 8vo, pp. 325, $1.00 ...Baptist Book Concern

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham. 12mo, pp. iii–271, $1.50.....Appleton

HOPE, ANTHONY.—A Man and his Model. 24mo, pp. 60, 40 cents.....Merriam

HASTINGS, ELIZABETH.—An Experiment in Altruism. 16mo, pp. vi–213, 75 cents Macmillan

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HOPKINS, S. W.—On a False Charge: A Novel. 12mo, pp. v–335, $1.00; paper, 50 cents Bonner

LEE, MARY C.—A Soulless Singer. 12mo, pp. iv–272, $1.25.....Houghton

MENZIES, J.—Our Town and Some of its People: Sketches of Fife Folk. 8vo, pp. xii, 279, $2.40.....Putnam

MILES, A. H.—One Thousand and One Anecdotes. 12mo, pp. xvi–388, $1.50..Whittaker

MOORE, D. F.—They Call it Love. 12mo, pp. 297. $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Lippincott

MORRISON, A.—Tales of Mean Streets. 12mo, pp. iv–242, $1.00.....Roberts

MUNDELL, FRANK.—Stories of the Life-Boat. 16-mo, pp. 160, 75 cents .....Revell

NODIER, C.—Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle: translated, with introduction, by Nathan Haskell Dole. 12mo, pp. xx–80, 50 cents.Estes

PAULL, Mrs. G. A.—Lassie. 12mo, pp. iii–102, 50 cents.....Whittaker

PEMBERTON, MAT.—The Impregnable City: A Romance. 12mo, pp. vi–416, $1.25.Dodd, M.

RAIMOND, C. E.—The New Moon. 12mo. pp. 213, $1.00.....Appleton

RICE, KATHERINE MCD.—Stories for all the Year for Boys and Girls. 12mo, pp. 168, $1.50 Stokes

ROBINSON, W. A.—His Way and Hers. 12mo, pp. 149, 50 cents.....Cranston & C.

ROWSELL, MARY C.—The Friend of the People. A Tale of the Reign of Terror. 12mo, pp. xii–448, $1.50.....Stokes

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